

# THE MIRROR OF TASTE,

AND

## DRAMATIC CENSOR.

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VOL. II.

JULY, 1810.

No. 1.

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### HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

*(Continued from page 437 of the last Volume.)*

IT has already been shown that comedy rose in Athens by progressive degrees and on a regular system; but in ROME it grew up at once from seeds borrowed from the Grecian writers. **PLAUTUS** and **TERENCE** who brought comedy to the highest perfection it ever attained with the latter, were among the earliest writers, the former having written for the stage during the life time of **LIVIUS ANDRONICUS**, and the latter who was a grown up boy before the death of **PLAUTUS**, having flourished about the time of **PACUVIUS** and **AECIUS**. As the whole of their drama therefore was at once adopted by the Romans from their illustrious predecessors, tragedy and comedy arose at the same time among them, and the stage of Rome, at its very commencement, exhibited every kind of dramatic amusement from the most sublime productions of the tragic muse, down to the lowest buffoonery of farce and pantomime.

Plautus and Terence were gifted with powers which in any age or nation would have placed them high in the very first rank of dramatic poets. But it was their lot to flourish among a people, whose barbarous manners and miserable taste were little calculated to be improved by such men, or to give full effect to any endeavours that could be used to improve the drama, or es-

tablish a standard for true comedy among them. The clumsy satires, and uncouth, broad-faced farce which at once took possession of the stage, demanded the application of a sharp and vigorous pruning wit, and a resolute zeal in the cause of true taste to put that instrument in action. **PLAUTUS** had the one, but wanted the other; accordingly his readers have to deplore the prostitution of his wonderful talents to the gratification of the bad taste of the Roman people, whom he might perhaps have improved, but did not—nay, on the contrary, confirmed in their errors by the fascinating powers of his genius, while on the other hand **Terence** by adopting a studied chasteness, an overrefined purity of style, and a correctness which appeared to the multitude cold, spiritless and inanimate, rendered his efforts to reform the stage totally inoperative.

**PLAUTUS** possessed an extraordinary share of comic wit; and has left behind him comedies, from which some of the greatest dramatic writers of modern times, English as well as French, have enriched their productions. It is related that he was at one time of his life reduced to such extreme poverty by commercial speculations, that in order to maintain himself he became a common labourer to a baker; but even that in that degraded state, while grinding corn for his employer, he continued to cultivate his comic genius. It is of little real consequence whether this story be founded in truth or not—yet, as the most trivial incidents acquire importance when related of persons of high distinction, it would be wrong to omit it in this place. Whatever his other employments might have been, his pen was not suffered to be clogged in idleness, for he wrote a vast number of excellent comedies, of which twenty are now extant.

The opinions which various writers have delivered upon the merits of **Plautus** display in a strong light the uncertainty and fallibility of the human judgment. That he was greatly esteemed at Rome, and that the purity, the energy and the elegance of his language were so greatly admired by other writers as to be considered objects of imitation is allowed: **VARRO**, one of the most learned of the Romans, whose judgment in all such things, was universally acknowledged to be conclusive, declares that if the Muses were willing to speak Latin, they would speak in the

language of Plautus; while Horace, and a whole tribe of critics censure him severely, impeach his wit of grossness and obscenity, and accuse his comedies of being not only destitute of beauty, but frequently unintelligible. It should be remembered however that Horace lived in the Augustan age, when not only the Roman language but the Roman taste, had arrived at the utmost height of purity and refinement. Besides, great men, as well as their inferiors, are subject to unjust prejudices. When the inflexible virtue and severe judgment of Johnson were insufficient to encounter his prejudices in the cases of Milton, Grey, Watts and Blackmore, we may easily suppose the judgment of Horace, accurate as it was, to have been warped by prejudices no less unreasonable and groundless. For our parts we acknowledge that, on this one occasion at least, we differ from HORACE and completely coincide with the opinion of VARRO, who has left us the following stanza on the death of Plautus;

Postquam morte captus est Plautus,  
Comœdia luget, scena est deserta;  
Deinde Ritus, Ludus, Jocusque, et numeri  
Innumeris simul omnes collachrymarunt.

But a more indisputable proof of the superior merit of Plautus, is that he continued for five hundred years to be the principal favourite of the stage; even in the reign of Dioclesian, his comedies were acted with applause; nor can any one who reads his productions wonder that it should be so, since not even his enemies have denied that he was more happy than any other of the comic writers in the characters he has portrayed, that the incidents of his plays are more varied and interesting, that his plots are more replete with truly comic intrigue and unexpected business, and that his catastrophes are surprising yet natural. That poet of antiquity from whom Shakspeare, Dryden and Moliere have borrowed, may safely be ranked with the first writers of the world.

TERENCE is to be considered rather as a translator than an inventor of comedy, it being related of him that he translated no less than one hundred and eight of the plays of Menander, of which six only are extant. His great merit consists in the al-

most unexampled purity of his language, in the artless elegance and simplicity of his diction, in the continual delicacy of his sentiments, and the exquisite fineness of his taste, in the beauty of his expressions, the dignity of his characters, the faithful pictures he has drawn of nature and manners, and the simple regularity of his dialogues.

The merits of these two great men have been compared, contrasted, and analyzed by some of the most learned and enlightened critics antient and modern, and from the whole of their strictures this general conclusion may be drawn: They were both eminently endowed with genius and wit; but Plautus indulged his to licentiousness—Terence restrained his with too much severity. Julius Cæsar wished that Terence had possessed the humour, *vis comica*, of Plautus, and Quintilian wished that Plautus had the amenity and delicacy of Terence.

Nothing related of the British stage in the days of Charles the Second exceeds in licentiousness and indecency, nothing to be seen on it at this its full spring tide of folly, exceeds in corruptness of taste the Roman theatre even at its outset. Not only tragedy, comedy, and farce, but satire, masque and even pantomime found its way upon it. Pantomime never flourished in Paris or London with influence more baleful to public taste than it did in Rome, even during the reign of Augustus. But by so much as mere folly is more tolerable than vice, by so much was Pantomime more innocent than the satires and farces of the Romans. Those of the Greeks were extremely censurable, but those of the Romans were much worse; for while they assumed to hold up vice to abhorrence, they, by way of rendering it loathsome, exposed it to view by lascivious descriptions and obscene actions and attitudes. To such an infamous degree of grossness did they strain their strange and abominable notions, that by way of antidote to the poison of their pieces, and of throwing away the vicious impressions made by the charms of the actresses, those very actresses were, as soon as the piece was over, entirely stript of their drapery, and exhibited in that situation to public view.

If, therefore, “not to be the worst stands in some rank of praise,” pantomime may lay claim to some little negative com-

mendation, and those who admire it may quote high authority in justification of their taste. **SENECA** entertained a passionate fondness for it, and makes no scruple to avow his opinion; and **Lucian** maintains the very heterodox doctrine that pantomimes are as affecting as the very best dramatic compositions. These, and worse exhibitions—buffoonery, gross, stupid and obscene; athletic exercises, tumbling, leaping, and bear-dancing, so exclusively engaged the taste of the Roman people that they frequently stopped one of the best plays of **Terence**, and compelled the actors to quit the stage and make way for the rope-dancers, bear-dancers, and gladiators. A refusal on the part of the performers was out of the question, since if the mob were not gratified they would never again allow the same comedy to be performed. This abuse firmly established farce, satire and pantomime, which by way of compromise with the multitude were always thenceforward performed after the play.

At first, all classes of people took their places promiscuously in the Roman theatre, and between the patricians and plebeians the only distinction was, that the latter were obliged to put every thing in preparation for the former; but **Scipio Africanus** and **Lælius**, the friends of **Terence**, and who, by the bye, are supposed to have assisted him in the composition of his plays, introduced a more consistent arrangement, separating the different orders of society in public, and from that time a more perfect regularity obtained in the theatres. This important alteration led to the building of amphitheatres in a style of splendour and magnificence before unheard of. On the usurpation of **Cæsar**, a place of distinguished eminence was allotted to this emperor and imperial family, and another of inferior eminence to the senators; the patricians, next in order, sat by themselves, and the residue of the house was filled by the plebeians.

At this day one is astonished to hear of a building of this kind containing one hundred thousand spectators without the smallest incommodation. Yet such a one was built by the great conqueror, who subdued the world for Rome, and then subdued Rome herself to his own controul. This amphitheatre was open at the top, but his successor **AUGUSTUS** raised a majestic purple canopy over it. Here, from policy, he regularly attended; or if

by accident he was withheld from going himself, sent his family to apologise to the people for his absence. This accomplished politician, as expert at managing the multitude as his uncle Julius had been in subduing them, clearly saw the errors of his great predecessor, and wisely profited by them. Knowing that that wonderful man had impaired his popularity by neglecting to please and flatter the people, he diligently cultivated their good graces, promoted their pleasures and made himself a party in them; and by that means engaged their own interest and co-operation in all his schemes for ruling them. Thus, by dexterously ministering to their personal enjoyments, he continued to the end of a long reign of forty-four years to cajole them into his own measures, and so entirely gained their affections, that though he left them not even the shadow of liberty, they lamented his death as a public calamity.

It is difficult to imagine the magnificence and splendour of the Roman amphitheatres, or the ingenuity of the mechanical stage devices. **MARCUS SCAURUS**, (the son of that **Marcus Æmilius Scaurus**, who when consul carried the Roman standard so successfully into Spain, and when sent against Jugurtha was supposed to have taken an immense bribe from that prince) built a theatre at Rome which contained thirty thousand spectators. The scene alone of it was supported by three hundred and sixty columns of marble, each thirty-eight feet in height, and was adorned with three thousand majestic statues of brass. Pliny says of this celebrated edifice, that it proved more fatal to the manners, and the simplicity of the Romans than all the proscriptions and the wars of Sylla had done to the inhabitants of the city.— Their machinery was no less superb and extraordinary: In some cases chariots traversed the theatre, and actors representing gods descended from above, or winged their way across the painted firmament. It is reasonable to suppose that in the performance of these hazardous enterprises many fatal accidents occurred. There is one particularly recorded by Suetonius, who tells us that an actor was once performing the part of **Icarus**, who is fabled by Ovid to have fled with his father Dædalus from Crete, but by rising so high that the heat of the sun melted the wax which fastened his wings, to have fallen into the Ægean sea—

The unfortunate performer exerted himself on the occasion so violently, that he insured the fate of Icarus by falling from a prodigious height, and was dashed to pieces. It is pretty remarkable that the emperor Nero, who was present at the representation, was covered with the blood which the force and velocity of the fall occasioned to gush from all parts of the body.

#### ROMAN ACTORS.

THE profession of an actor, highly honourable in Greece, was in general held disreputable in Rome. "France" says a writer of that country, "imitates both Greece and Rome in regard to actors; for while the French think of them as the Romans did, they live with them like the Grecians." The English think of the actors generally as the Romans did, but make exceptions in favour of those whose honourable conduct deserves it, and not less willingly associate with an honest man because he happens to be a player. Reasons not very dissimilar governed both the Greeks and Romans; their best players were not merely actors, they were poets and philosophers also, and most illustrious in arms as well as letters. In Rome few of their poets were actors, and the two most celebrated of them were of very low rank.—Plautus was, as has already been mentioned, a servant to a baker and miller, and Terence was born a slave. Yet no sooner did the merit of Terence give him a fair title to it than the first characters of Rome, setting aside the degrading circumstances of his birth (for slavery is the very lowest stage of human degradation) took him to their protection and made him the inmate of their houses and bosoms: for Lælius surnamed *Sapiens* or the Wise, and immortalized by Cicero in his treatise *de Amicitia*, and Scipio Africanus, made him their associate and helped him to compose his plays; and Claudus Æsop the actor, and the immortal Roscius (the first the preceptor and the other the bosom friend of Cicero) at length raised the profession, even in Rome, to high repute. The accounts handed down of these two celebrated actors are astonishing—Æsop was a tragedian—Roscius generally confined himself to comedy. But though in consideration of the priority which is conceded to tragedy over comedy,

Æsop is mentioned first, when both are spoken of; the characters of both as given to us by their cotemporary writers leave little doubt of the actual superiority of Roscius in universal merit. Cicero originally laboured under natural defects which nothing but the enthusiasm of genius could have enabled him to surmount; but like Demosthenes, he overcame them by diligence and indefatigable labour; and by an unremitting, studious attention and imitation of those two great masters, Æsop and Roscius, he acquired that modulation of voice and gracefulness and force of action which perhaps little less than his mental powers enabled him to command the Roman senate by his eloquence, and to gain the name of the first orator of Rome, and if not the first, certainly not inferior to the first orator of antiquity.

Of Æsop it is said that he so entirely adopted the feelings and sentiments of whatever character he represented, that he not only beguiled his auditors, but for the time deceived himself into a persuasion of his identity with it. They almost thought, and he for the moment believed himself to be not Æsop, but the man he played. A most fatal, and yet somehow, a ludicrous proof of this is found in an incident related of him by PLUTARCH.—Once when he was performing the character of ATREUS, he worked himself up to such a pitch of actual fury, that forgetful of his real character and situation, he struck with his sceptre a servant that happened to pass by and killed him upon the spot.

The wealth this actor amassed almost startles belief. And, what serves to shew the profitableness of the profession at once, he was one of the most sensual voluptuaries of his day. A single dish is stated on the best authority to have cost him not much less than twenty-three thousand dollars of our money. In this profusion he lived a long life, and so far from dying poor, left such enormous wealth to his son, that improving most foolishly upon the prodigality of his father, he melted down precious stones and presented the beverage to his guests, to wash down a meal composed of the tongues of singing birds.

(To be continued.)

## BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE MIRROR.

*(Continued from page 466 of the last volume.)*

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOHN HODGKINSON.

THE apprehensions of Hodgkinson were not entirely groundless; but the event justified the manager's firmness, and proved his superior sagacity. The party of lord Barrymore immediately came to a determination, that the refractory player, who had the audacity to assist his friend in the moment of danger, should be hissed and pelted off the stage, or at least driven away from Brighton: To this end they communicated to the whole circle of fashion then resident at the place, no doubt with infinite exaggeration, the great offence committed by Hodgkinson; and urged the necessity of checking such insolence in future, by the chastisement of this, the first offender. A celebrated lady who enjoyed the love of the prince of Wales, and possessed considerable influence not only over him, but over the whole fashionable circle of the place, entered warmly into the resentments of the party, and viewing the expression rashly uttered, in the impetuosity of anger and in utter ignorance of the person to whom it was addressed, as a deliberate affront to the whole royal family, took up the affair against poor Hodgkinson with the utmost zeal and enthusiasm. The resolution taken on the occasion was then communicated to his r——l h——ss the p—— of W——, who was solicited to give it the decisive weight of his influence and example that evening at the theatre. The p—— received the proposition with a coldness they did not expect, and expressed some doubts of the propriety, or even the justice of it; however, the combined solicitations of a whole host of his intimates, with his brother, and that lady at their head who more largely than any other person shared his affections, was a torrent too strong for him to oppose very long with arguments; he therefore gave way, ceased to expostulate with them, and concluded the subject by saying, "then if it must be so, dont you think you had better leave the management of the affair to me?" They all said that that was the very thing they wished. "Well then," returned his highness, "I will give the cue and the signal, at the moment I think best for it. Do you keep your eyes upon me; but dont on any

account attempt to move in the affair, till I give you the signal! If you do, I shall certainly wash my hands out of it."

Things being thus settled, the party and their partizans took their seats in different parts of the house, in order to spread the clamour more wide, and each impatiently waited for the moment that was to gratify his revenge, with eyes eagerly watching the motions of the prince who with Mrs. Fitzherbert was seated in his own box. At length the intended victim entered, and from the few who were not let into the plan of the party received a feeble greeting. By this time Hodgkinson had worked up his spirits to a degree of carelessness of the result, which in all probability relieved him from the studied care and the stiffness and restraint consequent to it, that in any other circumstances might have embarrassed him. Certain it is, that he was thought by those who had been accustomed to see him perform the part, to address Stockwell at his entrance with more ease and spirit than usual, and he acquitted himself beyond the expectation of the audience. And now every eye of the party was directed to the prince, to which he occasionally answered by a shake of the head which plainly intimated "not yet!" While to those who were in the next box to his he said in a low voice, "have patience—we must not be precipitate—wait a while!" All this time the party were burning with rage and impatience, and Hodgkinson at every line he spoke flattering himself still more and more that the thing had blown over, felt his spirits and powers increase, and so happily exerted himself that all but the predetermined malecontents applauded him warmly. And now the Barrymore band began each in his own mind to impeach the prince of want of judgment and of running the hazard of ruining their scheme by his tardiness. When Belcour came to the part in which he recounts to Stockwell the rough treatment he had received from the porter and other people on his landing;

*Stockwell.* I trust you'll not think the worse of them for it.

*Belcour.* Not at all, sir, not at all.—I like them the better; was I only a visitor, I might perhaps wish them a little more tractable; but as a fellow subject, and a sharer in their freedom, I applaud their spirit, though I feel the effects of it in every bone of my skin.

No sooner had Hodgkinson uttered this than the prince rose in his box, and with all his might clapped in applause, accompanying it with loud expressions of approbation. The better part of

the audience joined him enthusiastically, nor did his royal highness cease, even when the others had done, till he had put the poor stanger in a state of perfect security from the malice of his assailants. The party now clearly perceived that the whole was a device of the prince's to defeat their plan against Hodgkinson ; and through the whole group of fashionables there was one buzz of censure on his royal highness, for an act of which it would be difficult to say too much in commendation.

Thus was Hodgkinson secured with the public ; but the party took it in dudgeon, and the lady alluded to remonstrated with the generous prince upon the occasion : at least it was to this it was attributed that the prince's box was not occupied by him or his family for many subsequent nights. According to custom the boxkeeper waited every day regularly at the pavilion to know whether it was his royal highness's pleasure to have his box reserved for him, and an answer was as regularly given in the negative. At length a night was appointed for the benefit of Hodgkinson. The boxkeeper asked him whether he meant to call at the pavilion himself to know the prince's will, or wished him (the boxkeeper) to go as usual. To which Hodgkinson answered, "Neither, since his highness had so long abstained from attending the theatre in direct contradiction to his usual custom, to importune him on the subject might appear disrespectful." No application therefore was made, and the box was let to lord Paulet for the night. The house in all parts was full.

About a minute after the curtain rose, the boxkeeper was thrown into a consternation by intelligence received from the well-known creaking of his royal highness's boots, that the prince was advancing down the box lobby, and immediately he appeared unattended, and walking to his box, ordered the keeper to open the door for him. The latter was confounded and stammered out that the box was full. "How comes that?" said the prince with his usual mildness.—"Why ain't please your highness, as you had declined occupying your box for so many nights it was apprehended, that importuning you might appear disrespectful."—"Who is in the box?"—"Lord Paulet and family!"—Present my compliments to lord Paulet and tell him I request he will let me have a place with him, if it be perfectly convenient." On this intimation being delivered

to him, lord P. left the box—all his company rose, and his highness was prevailed upon to take the front bench. During the play he was uncommonly cheerful, displayed the greatest satisfaction, and whenever an occasion offered was bountiful in his applause to Hodgkinson. The next day he sent him twenty guineas for his seat, as if he had taken the whole box. At a mark of approbation so very extraordinary, the manager was astonished—the majority of the actors were chagrined, and speculative curiosity was every where busied in conjecture. But all these feelings were still further augmented when the prince ordered his box (once more only during the season) for the benefit of a Mrs. Simpson, then the heroine of the Bath stage, for whom Hodgkinson was known to have very actively and zealously interested himself, and the day after the performance, the prince sent her also twenty guineas.

Hodgkinson himself was at a loss what to think of it; but knowing from the character of the prince, that he had a heart capacious of such things, thought it most probable that it was done by way of smart money for the abuse he had received on the stage. Nor was it till several months after that he was able to get a certain clue to the motives of his royal highness, who from the very beginning highly disapproved of the conduct of the party, and felt that the only disgrace or insult to his house was reflected on it by the unprincely conduct of his brother, between which and Hodgkinson's manly deportment his highness's exalted spirit could not help making comparisons, not very advantageous to the former.

It was during the same winter that one day being at a billiard table at Bath, frequented by the first people who assemble at that seat of gayety, health and pleasure, he was invited to play by a colonel—one of the domestic gentlemen of Carleton house, and a confidential friend of the prince's. When they had done their game, the colonel called him out, and taking him apart told him that he had for some time been desirous to communicate to him the sentiments of his royal highness respecting what passed at Brighton. "As it cannot fail to give you satisfaction, Mr. Hodgkinson, and still more because it displays the heart of the prince in its true colours I feel a pleasure in telling it; yet it is a pleasure I should not think myself warranted in taking, if I had not the consent of his royal highness to do so.—This then, sir, is what I have to say to you. His

highness has greatly lamented that you should have so far forgotten yourself as to use the expression you did on the Stein to any one; but he most unequivocally acquits you of knowing that it was the d—ke of Y—k to whom you addressed it; and of course of the least disrespect to the family of the sovereign. He at the same time thinks that you were extremely ill used, and that considering the circumstances in which you were placed, it would be cruel injustice to hold you responsible for any rash expression you might have uttered. I have further to mention that with this exception I have made, your conduct on that occasion was extremely pleasing to his highness, and such as it will ever be his pride to see a Briton display on such occasions; and I can assure you in addition that his highness will omit no fair opportunity of advancing your interests."

The reader has already been told that the interest of the royal family had been engaged for Mr. Hodgkinson, and that even the first personage of it, had agreed to do him a singular favour on his first appearance in London. As every one who knows any thing of the history of the stage, and of the lives of actors, must be aware that something more than his mere professional merit was requisite to procure him so distinguished a favour, the reader will no doubt expect to have that particular event of his life circumstantially accounted for. In this as in several other parts of this biographical sketch, the writer has been obliged to work upon materials extremely loose, and often imperfect and deficient in connection. His bases being such facts as his memory supplied from desultory conversations with Hodgkinson, and the stories and anecdotes upon which in those conversations the latter loved to dilate, and which indeed he frequently repeated. To many of these, the connecting circumstances of time and place were wanting; nor had the writer a date of any importance to direct him, or to take as a landmark to guide him in his way. These deficiencies however he has indefatigably laboured to supply by seeking information from every intelligent person he had reason to believe was acquainted with the subject. Of the various relations and anecdotes given by Hodgkinson himself, he has not the least reason to question the fidelity, since there are few of them which he has not heard him repeat several times without the least variation, and of those few there were not above one or two that were not well known to persons who had them from H. himself long

before the writer became acquainted with him, and that did not exactly coincide with general collateral circumstances, which all those persons knew to be true. It is from information collected in this twofold manner, the writer has been enabled to gather a tolerably satisfactory account of the origin of that very influence to which Hodgkinson owed the recommendations alluded to, and other interest of such consequence and magnitude, as could not have failed to give him a decided advantage over any actor of equal talents and pretensions in Great Britain, if a fatality which cannot be too much deplored by his friends, had not beguiled him away from the fair high road to fame and fortune which lay before him. What actor so young and originally so unfriended and unconnected ever looked to the theatres of the British metropolis under such advantages as these: not only a capital engagement from the managers, but the sovereign's promise to bespeak the play for his first appearance, and Mrs. Siddons's voluntary assurance to play on that occasion, lady Randolph in the play, and Catharine in the afterpiece to Hodgkinson's Douglas and Petruchio. With talents and powers less than his, such an outset was an assurance of a fortunate career—But it pleased fate to rule it otherwise and the die is irretrievably cast forever.—Now to account for all this !

Conversing with this writer on the subject of his moving from the English to the American stage, Hodgkinson, adverted to the urgent nature of his motives, and in stating the advantages he had sacrificed to it, mentioned the entire loss of the favour of a great lady, who had given him her patronage, and actually allowed him two hundred pounds a year; both of which she had latterly given him to understand he would forever forfeit, if he proceeded farther in his determination to leave England, and did not relinquish the arrangements he had made for the purpose. Upon this writer's disclosing a supposition that the *penchant* of the lady was an affair of love or gallantry, Hodgkinson declared it was no such thing—that she was a single lady of high rank, character, family and fortune—that it was purely a beneficent and honourable purpose on her part to protect and aid what she thought unfriended merit, and that he never approached her but at that humble distance which the dignity of her character, and the pride annexed to it, prescribed to persons in his situation. This lady had gained him a host of sup-

porters, and among the rest the prince of Wales, and some others of the royal family. The writer remembers that once when he touched upon the subject jocosely, Hodgkinson replied with a solemnity of expression which marked the deep sentiments of gratitude, reverential awe, and affection, with which the conduct of the lady had impressed him; he said that she was perhaps the only subject on which he would not allow even a friend so much regarded to speak lightly; that her name was never to be mentioned but with reverence, and that to the end of his life she must remain, next to God, the first object of his respect and admiration. "Sometime or other on a future day," he continued, "you shall know all about it, and see her letters, and I rely upon it that you will admire and venerate her with your whole soul."

Thus far the writer learned from Hodgkinson himself, at Charleston. Since his arrival in this city he has procured from an intimate bosom friend of the deceased, who lived in his house, and was often admitted to a participation in his secret thoughts, a more particular account of the lady adverted to, and her primary motives for patronising our hero. This gentleman who had seen the letters alluded to, informed the writer that like many other ladies in the world, she had been fond of writing; so that if she were not of too exalted a character to be treated with common-place flippancy, it might be said of her that she was possessed of that particular evil commonly called the *cacoethes scribendi*, and like most of those who are so had often the mortification to find that the opinion of others did not come up to her own estimate of her productions. She had with infinite pains and attentive reading, collating, comparing, and transcribing, altered one of Shakspeare's plays, and used all the means which her wealth and influence supplied to have it acted; but somehow or other, managers and actors all seemed to have conspired against her play and concurred in throwing impediments in its way to public exhibition. In one of those attempts Hodgkinson came across the piece, and whether it was that it really had merit, or that he was then guided by the same liberal spirit and generous determination to give every person and every performance a fair chance with the public, which governed him in all transactions of the kind in this country, he declared himself warmly in favour of the good lady's play, carried it through, and made a very fine piece of acting of the hero. In the fulness of her gratitude and pride

she adopted our hero to her patronage, allowed him two hundred a year, and without ever speaking to him but at a reserved distance, or seeing him but in the presence of her relatives, she promised that her favours should increase with his good conduct, that if he maintained the reputation of a man of honour and probity, he and his should inherit forever an estate in Wales of more than the yearly amount she allowed him, and that she would in the meantime use all her influence to advance his interests.

Here we find our hero at the very acme of his fortune. Heavens! what prospects were now before him.—But all were lost—abandoned—sacrificed to one imprudent whim. Instead of going to London, and answering the hopes of his friends, the expectations of his exalted patroness Mrs. Siddons, making good there the great promise of his talents, and inheriting the honourable bounty of his benefactress, he set off to America to try new fortunes, and experience such new fate as chance and his own labours might provide for him.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### ANECDOTES OF THOMAS WESTON, COMEDIAN.

To those who delight to observe the efforts of the human mind, in whatever way they may exhibit themselves, it has ever been a painful reflection that the man of genius, who devotes his talents to the histrionic art, when he dies, leaves no memento behind, except in the memory of his cotemporaries, of the high excellence to which those talents had arrived. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the architect, raise lasting monuments, that bear testimony to the combinations of the mind by which they were conceived. The actor, on the contrary, in the grave to which his dust is committed, finds a grave for his talents.

The same fate, indeed, attends all those, whose powers of mind are exhibited in combination with their bodily faculties.—When Orpheus dies his lyre lies unstrung.

It is true that duration is itself but relative, and that time is the great, the universal destroyer. Phidias, Zeuxis, Raphael, Homer, Milton, nay Shakspeare himself, all must share the fate which that wonderful poet has so sublimely described. Like his cloud-capped towers, genius itself must dissolve and

“Leave not a wreck behind: We are such stuff  
“As dreams are made on, and our little life  
“Is rounded with a sleep.”

But there is a contrast, and a feeling, in the fate of the man who, at once, combines and exerts his mental and bodily faculties: especially of the actor. The pleasure he gives is so vivid, nay sometimes so exquisite, that to recollect it must so shortly cease, is a pain from which the mind would gladly escape. The applause, too, which he receives, comes in a more open, decided, and powerful manner than there is any opportunity of announcing, to genius that exerts itself wholly in seclusion: and the grandeur of this applause does but make its loss the more severely felt: each touch of the sculptor's chissel, each stroke of the pencil of the painter, is not seen, understood, and admired by assembled multitudes, by whom it may instantly be repaid with the thunder of applause. Even the most successful dramatic author is obliged to share a divided fame with the actor.—Ah, that the noble touches of his art so soon should perish!

It still would increase this misfortune, should no cotemporary be found to pay the poor tribute of praise so highly deserved: or, if that praise be bestowed, if it be given in a vague, insufficient, and even derogatory manner.

This, in a peculiar degree, has been the fate of Thomas Weston. Never, while I live, can I forget the impression which this extraordinary actor nightly made, not only upon me, but, upon all who saw him, in every character that he undertook, after his fame was established.

The particulars of his life, which I here communicate are derived from a pamphlet entitled **MEMOIRS OF THOMAS WESTON**, printed for *Bladon* in 1796. The facts contained in this pamphlet are so far valuable as that they belong to a man so extraordinary, and as they afford some of the means of extending his memory to posterity.

He was the son of Thomas Weston, Esq. who was the chief cook in the royal kitchen. The emoluments of that office empowered the father to give his son a proper education, and have him instructed in the polite accomplishments. About the age of sixteen, the youth showed a great partiality for theatrical exhibitions, at which he was frequently present. He also delighted in the company of actors, and associated with the young spouters of the day, of whose clubs he became a member.

In these, his first appearance is recorded to have been the tent scene, and the battle with Richmond, in the tragedy of Richard III. It is the custom of youths, called spouters, to select scenes, each in turn, and such as each supposes himself best qualified to appear in with advantage. When the night came, it is recorded that Weston confessed his heart palpitated, his face flushed, and he was under the same trepidation as any performer, of great sensibility, on a public stage.

It is also the custom for these youths to applaud, and therefore his companions applauded ; but they privately affirmed his acting was execrable, and his voice wholly unfit for the stage.— He was hoarse almost immediately, but was however highly satisfied with his own performance, as he used afterwards jocularly to tell his friends. To theatrical studies therefore his time was devoted.

His father procured him a place in the king's kitchen, called turnbroach ; a sinecure of about thirty pounds a year, which he enjoyed till his death. By the same interest he was appointed an under clerk of the kitchen, and accompanied George II to Holland, when his majesty visited Hanover.

After his return, unmindful of his father's advice, he is said to have too much indulged his passions, and to have spent his nights in riot, and his days in idleness. In consequence of this, and after frequent attempts to reclaim him, the navy was thought of as a probable means of reform, and he was appointed a midshipman.

Pleased at first with his trappings, his sword, cockade, and uniform, things that seldom fail to please thoughtless youth, he first showed himself among his acquaintance, and afterward repaired on board his ship, when commanded. Here his station and ac-

commodations were by no means such as agreed with his habits, or gave him pleasure. He truly thought his genius cramped and forced into a wrong direction. Among his friends was a clerk in the war-office, on whom he prevailed to write a letter, having the official seal, and directed to him on board the Warspite, which letter pretended to acquaint him that a commission in the army was preparing for him, and he was desired to return to London. By this artifice, he obtained his purpose and quitted the navy.

That he thus early acquired the habits of dissipation was the misfortune of his life : it is a misfortune to which many men of talents, who have devoted themselves to the stage, have been peculiarly subject ; it arises, not out of the nature of the profession, but, of the manners and circumstances under which these actors have lived.

Tragedy continued to be the delight of Weston, nor could his friends convince him of his mistake. His stature was small, but Garrick he said (perhaps erroneously) was nearly an inch shorter than himself ; and his voice he was convinced had sufficient power. In this persuasion, he first became an actor in a company, well known at that time, which visited every town, village and hamlet, within twenty miles of the metropolis. The former manager of this company, Oliver Carr, was then dead ; but it still bore his name, and Weston enlisted under the widow.

The gains were so small that they did not afford a subsistence ; but here he had occasion to perform the part of Scrub, in the Beaux Stratagem, by which he threw every one into raptures, except himself. The dignity of tragedy still pervaded his thoughts. Mrs. Carr told him how entirely he had mistaken his powers, and that tragedy afforded him no hope. Weston gave an arch look, made no reply, but thought the more, and maintained his opinion, though the audience had been so struck with him that the very boys followed him, exclaiming—*There ! that's he that played Scrub !*

He quitted this company, and engaged in another, where he insisted on performing tragedy ; and this he was allowed to do, in consequence of consenting to play comic parts.

The poverty of this company seemed to exceed the first, and Weston felt distresses which, however comic they might afterward appear, were severely felt at the moment. He and a companion were obliged to keep the room, while their linen was washed: the landlady came, as usual, for money to provide breakfast: they had but a sleeve of a shirt between them: the companion hid himself, Weston jumped into bed, slipped on the sleeve, and stretching out the arm, thus covered, gave the money required. This anecdote he used afterward to tell of himself; and trivial as they may at first appear, such anecdotes deserve to be remembered, for they mark the manners of ages and nations.

Strange to say, his first appearance in London was at a booth in Bartholomew Fair, kept by the famous comedians Yates and Shuter, where he played nine times a-day for a guinea! He afterward obtained an engagement under Foote; but his talents in London were still unknown, and, when the *Minor* came out, in 1760, the part allotted him in that piece was *Dick*.

At this period he married, and the abilities of his young wife were so far promising that she performed *Lucy*, in the same comedy.

They were both afterward engaged at Norwich, on a good salary; but Weston returned, with the season, to the Haymarket. His merits had not remained unnoticed by the piercing eye of Foote, and the part of *Jerry Sneak* was written expressly for Weston.

This performance at once stamped him a favourite, and he engaged with various companies, and played at Dublin, Chichester, Salisbury, and other places. With Ireland it appears he was not pleased, and promised never to return to that country; and with his wife also he so entirely disagreed that they separated, by mutual consent.

Having obtained an engagement at Drury-lane, though at a small and unworthy salary, he first performed *Abel Drugger* while Mr. Garrick was abroad, and was so highly applauded that he at length obtained three pounds a week. His wants, or rather, alas, his habits of dissipation, increased with his salary, and the vicissitudes of this part of his life were such as are unworthy to be recorded of a man of such extraordinary talents, which talents were at that time gradually rising into notice.

**Foote and Garrick**, but especially the former, well understood the worth of Weston, and frequently relieved him from the distresses into which, by the want of prudence, he was thrown.—His temper was generous: when he had money he gave to all who asked, and he was seldom if ever, without some idle worthless intruder, who encouraged his evil habits, in order to subsist at his expense.

Being in the continual dread of bailiffs, he was frequently obliged to make the theatre his residence. When living in the Haymarket theatre, he was accustomed to shut the half door of the lobby which had spikes at the top, and to bring a table and chairs, that he might take the air and smoke his pipe.

To this door a bailiff, whose face was unknown to Weston, and who carried clothes under his arm covered with green baize, as if he were a tailor, came and requested to speak with Mr. Foote. Weston unwarily opened the hatch, and the bailiff assumed his true character and exhibited his writ.

Disguising his emotion, Weston desired the bailiff to follow him, that Mr. Foote might either pay the money or give security. The man did as he was desired, and the deceiver was deceived. He had not made a legal capture, by touching Weston; the passage behind the side boxes was very dark, the bailiff was obliged to grope slowly along. Weston knew the way, gained the door, which also had spikes, bolted it, crossed the stage, ran through the adjoining house of Mr. Foote, and escaped.—This incident, while it shows his folly, proves his presence of mind.

At the period that his fame was increasing, he went to Edinburgh; where he was considered by the people as the best comedian they had ever seen, and the greatness of his benefit proved the respect in which his abilities were held.

After this, we find his salary at Drury-lane was increased to five pounds a week! a sum, even in those times, totally inadequate to the merit of this unique performer. It was the consequence of the distress which his dissipation produced. The managers, who pretended so liberally to pay his debts, never discharged their own. As far as my documents extend, his talents never received any adequate remuneration.

It happened, on a day when his name was in the play-bills, that he was arrested for a small sum, for which he requested these generous managers would provide, and which request they very cautiously refused. Being known to the bailiff, Weston prevailed on him and his follower, to go with him to the play, and he there placed himself and them in the front of the two shilling gallery.

Before the curtain drew up, an apology was made, stating that Mr. Weston, being ill, could not possibly attend ; and it was therefore hoped that another performer might supply his place. Weston rose, as he intended, and declared, aloud, the apology was entirely false : he was there, well, and ready to do his business, but that he was in custody for a small debt, for which, though entreated, the managers had refused to give security.— Weston had well foreseen the consequences ; the managers were obliged to set him free.

A performer of less abilities would immediately have been expelled the theatre ; but for Weston no substitute could be found. After this, his residence was again confined to the theatre. Can it be thought wonderful that, under such circumstances, habits already wrong should become worse ; and health, that had never been attended to, should thus be absolutely ruined ! Alas ! How does genius suffer itself to be seduced and vanquished !

His palate was sickly, his digestion bad, his appetite demanded to be pampered, and habitual indulgence must be daintily fed : to satisfy this, though he could not eat a bird so large as a lark, he would send for a turkey. The first fruits of the season, asparagus, peas, peaches, green geese, whatever he fancied must be procured.

The scurvy, a disorder that he had long nurtured, now encrusted his face, where it appeared with virulence, while it also fell with excess into his legs. For a time, he consented to abstain from liquor, and use medicine ; his face began to be smooth, his appearance to be more healthy, and his legs to heal. But, rendered impatient by confinement, he gave a loose to his inclinations, and by a debauch had nearly died.

His fame being now at its height, his benefits were good, a part of his debts were paid, and he obtained the power to hire a

house and garden, in the street at Chelsea opposite to Battersea-bridge, where it was his intention to regulate his affairs and live a life of sobriety ; but for this undertaking he had not sufficient resolution.

So strong was the habit of drinking spirits in him, that he could not forbear even in the time of performance. The servants of the theatre were forbidden to provide him with liquor, he therefore generally brought it himself.

Coming to the house too late one evening, Mr. Foote met him at the stage door; and, after expressing chagrin, that the audience should be kept waiting, Foote asked what he had under his coat ? Ashamed of the vice in which he indulged, Weston replied a bottle of Seltzer water, which he was ordered to drink. Suspecting the truth, Foote insisted that he would taste ; and finding it to be spirits, broke the bottle. Weston's feelings however were so roused, and offended, that neither friendly advice nor entreaty could induce him to dress for his part, till the bottle was replaced.

Driven from Chelsea by his creditors, and again confined to the precincts of the theatre, his health was visibly fast on the decline. Of this he was often reminded, and as often replied either with a joke or an utter contempt of death. During the last season, he played but seldom, nor ever appeared in high spirits, though his mind was not disturbed.

It is in the present morality of the world to offer relief when it is too late : the faculty crowded round him, but the functions of life were destroyed. He glimmered a while, like an expiring taper, till the 18th January, 1776, when he died, universally lamented as an actor, and, by his acquaintance, regretted as a man. Generous and kind, he would willingly share the last shilling with a friend. Too sensible of his worth to exhibit himself, except before the public, he was not entertaining in a large company, though gay and social with a chosen few. His habits induced him to seek associates beneath himself, for so rooted were these habits that they must be indulged. He was in debt, not from the want of principle, but of economy : his little revenues were squandered, not properly expended. My authority, says he, was buried in the vault of his kindred, but does not mention

where that vault may be found. It is a matter of small moment.

As an actor, I remember him well: to think of a few unrivalled actors and to forget him is impossible. The range of characters that he personated was confined, but not his talents.— I have not the smallest doubt that, when he studied tragedy, he, better than his competitors, felt and understood how it ought to be performed: but his corporeal faculties were not fitted to convey the emotions of the soul; they wanted that drilling which he had not the patience to endure, he had else succeeded. The body must be ill paired, indeed, if it do not finally submit to the mind.

Be that as it may, the parts in which Weston excited such uncommon emotion were those of low humour. He was the most irresistible in those of perfect simplicity: his peculiar talent was the pure personification of nature. I do not think it possible for an actor to be less conscious, than Weston appeared to be, that he was acting. While the audience was convulsed with laughter, he was perfectly unmoved: no look, no motion of the body, no absence of mind, ever gave the least intimation that he knew himself to be Thomas Weston. Never for a moment was Thomas Weston present: it was always either Jerry Sneak, Doctor Last, Abel Drugger, Scrub, Sharp, Torrington, or distinctly and individually the character he stood there to perform; and it was performed with such a consistent and peculiar humour, it was so entirely distinct from any thing we call acting, and so perfect a resemblance of the man whom the pencil of the poet had painted, that not only was the laughter excessive, nay sometimes almost painful, but the most critical mind was entirely satisfied. I doubt if Garrick or any other actor, had so perfect a power of disguising himself, and of assuming a character with so little deviation from the conception he had previously formed. It was not only a perfect whole, but it was also unique.

Presence of mind is a quality peculiar to genius; it constitutes the great wit, the great warrior, the great statesman, and the great poet. He that has it proves that he has the power of being what he pleases; and nothing but this quality could give

Weston his extraordinary talent of self-recollection. On ordinary occasions, his presence of mind seldom forsook him ; as the few anecdotes I have related prove. The bon-mots which, during his life, were in circulation concerning him were additional proofs; I recollect but two of them.

Shuter had long been the favourite of the galleries ; and Weston before his comic fame was established, appeared, as a substitute to Shuter in the part of Sharp. Shuter's name was in the play-bill, and when Weston appeared, the galleries vociferated "Shuter ! Shuter !" Mrs. Clive played the part of Kitty Pry, and was no less a favourite than the other. The uproar continued, and nothing could be heard but "Shuter ! Shuter !" As soon as it was possible to be heard, Weston, in his own inimitable and humorous manner, asked aloud, in a seemingly stupid amazement, and pointing to Mrs. Clive—"Shoot her! Shoot her! why should I shoot her? I am sure she plays her part very well!"—The apparent earnestness and simplicity with which he appeared to ask this question were so inimitable, and it so truly applied to the excellent acting of Mrs. Clive that the burst of laughter was universal, and the applause which Weston deserved attended him through the part.

On another occasion, when, by frequent want of punctuality, the audience were at length indignant, and, among other marks of dissatisfaction, an orange was thrown at him, he picked it up, pretended closely to examine it, walked forward and with that dry humour which there was no resisting said—"Humph ! This is not a *civil* orange."

These were puns, but the wit of them was in the ready application of them, and the strong effect they produced. It was presence of mind.

One afternoon, a few weeks before his death, Weston said to a friend, if you will write for me I will make my will. The friend complied and Weston dictated, not puns, but strong sense, and keen satire.

I THOMAS WESTON, Comedian, hating all form and ceremony, shall use none in my will, but proceed immediately to the explaining my intentions.

*Imprimis.* As from Mr. Foote I derived all my consequence in life, and as it is the best thing I am in possession of, I would,

in gratitude at my decease, leave it to the said Mr. Foote ; but I know he neither stands in need of it as an author, actor, nor as a man : the public have fully proved it in the two first, and his good nature and humanity have secured it to him in the last.

*Item.* I owe some obligations to Mr. Garrick ; I therefore bequeath him all the money I die possessed of, as there is nothing on earth he is so very fond of.

*Item.* Though I owe no obligations to Mr. Harris, yet his having shown a sincere regard for the performers of his theatre (by assisting them in their necessities, and yet taking no advantage thereof, by driving a Jew bargain at their signing fresh articles) demands from me, as an actor, some acknowledgment ; I therefore leave him the entire possession of that satisfaction which must naturally result on reflecting that, during his management, he has never done any thing base or mean to sully his character as an honest man, or a gentleman.

*Item.* I having played under the management of Mr. Jefferson, at Richmond, and received from him every politeness ; I therefore leave him all my stock of prudence, it being the only good quality I think he stands in need of.

*Item.* I give to Mr. Reddish a grain of honesty : 'tis indeed a small legacy, but being a *rarity* to him, I think he will not refuse to accept it.

*Item.* I leave Mr. Yates all my spirit.

*Item.* I leave Mrs. Yates my humility.

*Item.* Upon reflection, I think it wrong to give separate legacies to a man and his wife ; therefore I revoke the above bequests, and leave to be enjoyed by them jointly, *peace, harmony, and good nature.*

*Item.* Notwithstanding my illness, I think I shall outlive Ned Shuter ; if I should not, I had thoughts of leaving him my example how to *live* : but that I am afraid would be of little use to him ; I therefore leave him my example how to *die*.

*Item.* I leave Mr. Brereton a small portion of *modesty*. Too much of one thing is good for nothing.

*Item.* As Mr. Jacobs has been a long while eagerly *waiting for dead men's shoes*, I leave him two or three pair (the worst I have) they being good enough in all conscience for him.

*Item.* Though the want of vanity be a proof of understanding, yet I would recommend to my old friend, Baddely, to make use of a little of the first, though it cost him more than he would willingly pay for it. It will increase not only his consequence with the public but his salary with the managers; but, however, should his stomach turn against it as nauseous, he may use for a succedaneum a small quantity of *opinion*, and it will answer the purpose as well.

*Item.* Mr. Quick has long laboured to obtain the applause of the public: the method he has taken is a vague one; the surest method to obtain his end is to copy *Nature*.—*Experientia docet.*

*Item.* Miss Younge has had some disputes with the managers, about dressing her tail, complaining of the want of fringe: as fringe seems to be an absolute requisite in the ornamenting ladies tails, and I always loved to see them as they ought to be, I leave her therefore the fringe about the flaps of my waistcoat, in which I usually played Jerry Sneak.

*Item.* As I would not forget my friends, particularly old ones, I leave Charles Bannister my portrait, to be taken when I am dead, and to be worn about his neck as a memento to him, that regularity is among the most certain methods to procure health and long life.

*Item.* Dibble Davis claims something at my hands from the length of our acquaintance; I therefore leave him my constitution: but I am afraid, when I die, it will be scarcely better than his own.

*Item.* I leave to the ladies, in general, on the stage (if not the reality, yet) the appearance of modesty: 'twill serve them on more occasions than they are aware of.

*Item.* To the gentlemen of the stage, some show of prudence.

*Item.* To the authors of the present times, a smattering of humour.

*Item.* To the public, a grateful heart.

The copy, that I have given of this Will, is taken literally from the pamphlet before mentioned; and cannot be a fabrication, since the pamphlet itself is written in a style, and taste, that are

equally incorrect, vulgar and imbecile : while the style, humour and satire of Weston are admirable. Yet he was unaccustomed to composition, though he dictated with a degree of correctness and facility that surprises. Considering him as a dying man, making an unusual but sportive effort, it remains a singular and indisputable proof of his genius.

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### MISCELLANY.

#### DRAMATIC BLASPHEMY.

The following letter is extracted from a periodical publication in London. The admonition it contains is no less correct than the abuse at which the piece is levelled, is true and well founded. We have no reason to suspect our actors on this side the Atlantic of multiplying the oaths with which the dramatic authors of the day supply them. Yet we think this piece particularly deserving of their serious attention. In drawing Irish characters, witless farce writers for lack of proper matter, fill their dialogue with blasphemy, and imagine that they portray the Hibernian in nature, when they make him utter a dull repetition of the same unmeaning oath, unmeaningly brought in ; but they are stupidly mistaken ; and actors will do well, rather to diminish than increase the number, for they may be assured that by doing so they will make the part they perform not only more agreeable to every thinking auditor, but much more natural and comic.

SIR,

I HAVE noticed, with much pleasure, your frequent reprobation of the disgraceful habit of swearing, which has lately obtained so thorough a footing on the British *London*\* stage, that it would seem the actors and authors were vying with each other which could set public decency the most completely at defiance ; and, while I applaud your meritorious efforts in the cause of offended morality, I lament that they have not, as yet, been crowned with the success they deserve. It is

\* The theatres in our country towns of England being principally licensed by mayors and justices, the players, *malgré eux*, are forced to avoid this practice, to the honour of the county magistrates, and the disgrace of the metropolis.

a melancholy consideration, sir, that a person of respectability cannot take his wife and daughters to a play, without the certainty of their ears being shocked with expressions that must raise a blush on the cheek of any one who is not absolutely lost to every sense of decency; much more of that sex, whose purity and modesty is their greatest charm; for, if the author has neglected, or possessed too much delicacy, to disgrace his piece with these infamous auxiliaries, the deficiency is amply supplied by the *actor*, with whom the ready delivery of an oath is now considered as a *chef-d'œuvre* of his art. This, however, is not often the case in our modern dramas, which are seldom remarkable for genuine merit; but what they want in sense and soundness of judgment, they fully compensate by dulness and blasphemy.

This, sir, is a subject which deserves a more serious consideration, than, at a first glance we are apt to imagine; for, we should reflect on the influence which the open and public encouragement of an odious vice must have on the morals of the community in general, and more especially on those younger branches of it, whose tender minds are so apt to be corrupted and led astray by first impressions. Is it not a reasonable conclusion, that, when a blasphemy is listened to in a public theatre, without any signs of disapprobation on the part of the audience, it will no longer be considered as a vice, but a sort of sanction will be afforded to the practice of it, not warranted either by morality or decency; and that it will insensibly lose its infamy, and even become fashionable? Nay, is not this conclusion confirmed by the fact? and have we not many instances before our eyes of young men of exalted rank, who not only utter every blasphemous expression that can be suggested, but have descended so low as to assume the habits, imitate the manners, and take a pride in aping as closely as possible the very vices of the lowest dregs of society? And what is the excuse? Fashion! fashion! which can sanction every enormity, and make even vice itself appear innocent!

At the same time, however, I rejoice to say, that a British audience, or at least the majority of it, is not yet so completely debased as to applaud it for *wit*; and that, in many instances, where an oath has been thrust in, either by the author or the

*player*, to give an *eclat* to a speech, it has not only been unmarked with approbation, but has been passed over in silence. Yet, while no check is offered to it, while it is listened to with patience and without opposition, our morality seems but a sort of negative virtue: true, we are not so lost to shame as openly to applaud or encourage vice; but can we say we do our duty when we do not condemn it? I fear the words of a modern dramatic writer, that “we would more willingly appear wicked than ridiculous,” are but too true; for, rather than seem singular, even in the cause of virtue, we would sacrifice at the shrine of vice the highest moral consideration.

When Jeremy Collier wrote his strictures on the stage, it was completely sunk in vice and debauchery. Scenes the most lewd and infamous; expressions obscene and disgusting; immorality, profaneness, and blasphemy, were listened to not only with patience but delight! This may be fully proved by reading those plays (many of them still remaining in print) which excited the just indignation of that lively censurer. Dryden pleaded guilty to the charge, and confessed the justness of his remarks; but many of his contemporaries, whose lives were in too strict conformity with the immorality of their writings for their faults to be passed over as errors of judgment, disdaining regret, and conscious of the inutility of acknowledgment, boldly attempted to justify what their conscience condemned; but the public voice was against them, and decided in favour of Collier. It is not my intention to insinuate by this, that the stage, at the present moment, is reduced to so low a state of debasement; nor that it calls for reprehension so severe as that bestowed on it by the above-mentioned writer, however justly it might have been merited in his time; but, sir, it *may be* reduced to such a state; and it is by these insensible gradations of the immorality of the *players*, that a people first become corrupt, and afterwards infamous. By causes such as these have states and empires met their ruin; and by these only, aided by the *enlightened soi-disant* philosophy of the illuminati, was it, that the revolution was effected, which has entailed on the French nation those miseries under which they at present groan. It becomes every man, who values the well-being of his country, to watch with a jealous eye the encroach-

ments of national impiety;\* since it is on morals chiefly, if not indeed entirely, that its welfare depends. The moment a people in general become notorious for immorality, it is a sure sign that the government under which they exist is hastening to its ruin; and this consideration should induce us, who have preserved *our* moral character as a nation, to resist every insidious approach of vice, whether wearing the fascinating garb of pleasure, or disguised under the assumed pretext of fashion. The innate vivacity of the French, their little regard to punctilio, and their utter want of delicacy, were so many natural causes which, acting as political causes, produced *their* downfall: their dress, their manners, and their extreme *politeness* and *civilisation*; the total banishment of the *mauvaise honte*; the ready intercourse between the sexes, and the inevitable consequences resulting, rendered them insensible to the dictates of virtue; and though, perhaps, not really inclined to vice, led them into excesses which could only be sanctioned by public libertinism; a people without seriousness, and to whom thinking was always considered the greatest of evils; they could only be taught their duty by that fatal catastrophe, which has overturned social order and civil compact: “the altar and the throne.”

\* The English *laws* have not been inattentive to the odious practice of stage-swearing: for we find, that, by the 3d James I. cap. 21, “If any person shall, in any stage-play, interlude, or show, jestingly or profanely use the name of God, &c. he shall forfeit *ten pounds*.” That this statute has been acted upon, appears from Mr. Dibdin’s History of the Stage, in which, speaking of Collier’s work, he says, that “the Stage afterwards was *narrowly watched*; obscene expressions in former plays were obliged to be expunged; and nothing new was produced before it underwent the examination of a licenser. In consequence of this, many were prosecuted by government for uttering profane or indecent expressions; among whom Betterton and Mrs. Bracegirdle were actually fined.”

COMMUNICATED FOR THE MIRROR.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE RIVER LA YUNA,

*In the Island of St. Domingo.*

THE La Yuna is the largest river in the island of St. Domingo. After traversing some of the most charming vallies in the world, it discharges its waters into the spacious bay of Samana. At every winding of this noble stream its margins present to the eye one continued scene of beauty, fecundity and natural opulence. A varied picturesque wildness pervades every change of scene; and in each nature exhibits herself in all her splendour, as if intent upon realising all the wild and excursive fancies of the most romantic imagination. The sylvan banks are delightfully checkered with vast meadows, which, while they diversify and improve the landscape, are rendered peculiarly interesting by numerous herds of cattle which range about unmolested, and enjoy life entirely undisturbed till natural instinct apprising them of the approach of danger, warns them to retire. The strength and rapidity of the current, which are terrible at all times, even when the waters are lowest and most confined to their ordinary bed, acquire, when the rains set in, such a prodigious augmentation in force and velocity, that the largest trees are torn up by the roots, all the flocks and herds who fail to make a timely retreat are swept off, and every thing is carried away by the irresistible torrent which entirely lays waste the banks, as if in its fury the river meant to convert into a scene of ruin and devastation those charming plains which, for ten months before, had been its ornament and pride. Then the crash of falling forests, the frightful noise of the torrent, and in a word, the general uproar and disorder of all nature, in regions but lately so tranquil and delightful, proclaim the dreadful fury of the river and the instability of human comforts. Straight all living creatures fly for safety to the contiguous mountains where the woods supply the poor animals with a cool retreat and with a succulent and nutritious food which grows between the trees and yields them a supply not less agreeable than necessary. While this elemental convulsion lasts, the shepherds kill cattle for their support; and when it is over, the calm that succeeds gives a new and additional zest to the enjoyment of their delightful country.

Yet with all the disadvantages attending the periodical return of this dreadful scourge, few rivers offer to human industry more abundant or affluent advantages than would the La YUNA, if the revolutions and outrages which distract that late happy island could be once terminated.

The excellent quality of the pastures, periodically enriched by the slime and mud deposited by the inundations, would, in the mere breeding of cattle, be an inexhaustible source of wealth. There, agriculture wants nothing but hands and the blessings of peace. The forests furnish building timber of every kind necessary for the use or convenience of man; the mountains in the neighbourhood of the river, all along its course, contain mines of gold, silver, iron, copper, tin, coal, and lapis lazuli, and the cultivation of all those invaluable objects is by so much the less difficult, as the river is navigable for more than twenty leagues into the country. But of all the singular things which distinguish this beautiful though formidable river, the most extraordinary is the simple and intrepid means employed for crossing it.

Like those fiery coursers who yield obedience only to the gentle management of a skilful and patient rider, the La Yuna will not suffer on its stream, any thing like the domination of an enforced and imperious sovereignty. Nor canoes, oars, cordage, or canvas, nor any of the means employed from the beginning of time, by skilful and hardy navigators, to cross the ocean, are able to encounter the impracticable currents of this violent river; and all the attempts of the kind which have hitherto been made for the purpose, have been found ineffectual; so that those who, by being bred upon the banks of the river, are acquainted with its fluctuations and dangers, never approach its banks but with awe and apprehension of its power.

The hide of an ox, fastened at the four corners to hoops made of saplings which are to be found upon the spot, constitute the sole means which these humble navigators have to offer to those travellers who are bold enough to hazard themselves upon the river. The passenger lies on his back, motionless, in this flimsy vehicle, which is pushed over the foaming surface of the water to the opposite bank, by two persons who swim after it. The smoothness of this conveyance cannot be surpassed, except by the horror it occasions; yet it has very rarely happened that the traveller's confidence in the dexterity of these tritons has been misplaced, or their

safety in the least endangered. As he lies motionless on his back, and his eyes are fixed on the firmament, he cannot perceive the motion of his barque, though he has in the space of four or five minutes crossed the breadth of the river, which all the time by its appalling roar, seems to threaten him with death, for his madness and temerity.

The periodical inundations of this river frequently alter its course, and raises banks of the moveable sand extremely dangerous to unskilful persons, who in ordinary times have attempted to ford it.

At length, after a course of about sixty leagues through the charming plains of Samana, it ends its wandering career in the superb bay of that name ; and on leaving its banks seems to express its regret at parting, by the multiplicity of its windings.

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#### REFLECTIONS ON THE EVENTS AT ST. DOMINGO.

ENTIRELY occupied by the painful sensations with which the evacuation of St. Domingo had impressed me, and which gave a deadly blow to that unfortunate colony, I paid a last visit to the monuments of that city once so flourishing and happy. Upon the right bank of the river stood in majestic elevation, the decayed remains of the ancient palace of Columbus. It was impossible to look at the ruins of that renowned edifice without reflecting seriously upon the instability of every thing human. "Here," said I to myself, with the most painful emotions, "Here stood the proud city whence the founders of the most extensive portion of the globe once issued. It was in this celebrated capital that Columbus, in a superb palace, exhibited the terrible warning monument of the thankfulness and of the ingratitude of Ferdinand and Isabella. Here it was that that great man, whose vast all-pervading genius foresaw the existence of so many powerful nations, was shackled like a slave, and his aged limbs loaded with irons, by those very sovereigns to whose glory he had sacrificed his life and his wonderful talents.

In these interesting ruins, I with poignant anguish beheld the place where Bovadilla, that servile agent of intrigue, that base instrument of a restless and cruel policy, loaded with heavy chains those venerable arms which, but a little time before, were the support of the throne of Castile. I contemplated with mixed sensations of melancholy and admiration, that earth still glorious by having been trodden by illustrious, though inhuman adventurers; I in vain endeavoured to find the traces of that ancient and numerous population which the avarice and cruelty of the first conquerors of the country had entirely exhausted. Those outrages of criminal ambition recalled to my mind the melancholy remembrance of LAS CASAS, and of Ovando, and the virtuous sensibility of the former consoled me for the cold-blooded cruelty of the latter. Thus, then, the palace formerly the residence of a great and brilliant court, where the niece of the grand duke of Alva the wife of the son of Columbus, displayed royal magnificence, is now but the haunt of filthy reptiles; and that which was the cradle of opulent nations, now presents only an afflicting picture of misery and degradation. Throughout the whole extent of the isle, vagrants, outcasts, and barbarians usurp the place and property of the rich and industrious colonists; and what renders this deplorable condition of the island more provoking as well as afflicting is, that the whole is the offspring of the specious, malignant, hypocritical philanthropy which has appeared for the first time in the eighteenth century, and of the re-action of the new world upon the old.

May we not fairly attribute to such causes as these, the revolutions with which South America is even now menaced? Those vast colonies, groaning for three centuries under the weight of oppressive laws with which the treasury has constantly ground down the country, and killed the very seeds of all local prosperity, undoubtedly only wait for a favourable opportunity to throw off the yoke of a suspicious, jealous, and timid mother country; while Spain, by the destruction of her ancient monarchy, pays the sacred debts to humanity incurred by the outrages of her sovereigns, and the cruel persecutions of her religious intolerance.

## COOK THE PLAYER.

The following correct and judicious observations on the acting of the celebrated Cooke, in *KITELY*, *RICHARD*, and *sir Pertinax M'Sycophant*, are taken from a Critical Miscellany of great and deserved repute in London.

The part of *KITELY*, in *Every Man in his Humour*, has never, since the time of Garrick, been acted with so much ability as by Mr. Cooke, and his admirable success in delineating the passion of jealousy, in this character, naturally pointed him out as a fit representative of Mr. Strictland, in *the Suspicious Husband*, a bare-faced copy of Jonson's *Kitely*, and like most copies, greatly inferior, in every respect, to the original. The weakness of Dr. Hoadly's imitation received vast support from the acting of Mr. Cooke, and wherever the picture was poor, it was the fault of the author, not of the actor.

In *RICHARD*, Mr. Cooke is always a source of great pleasure to the town. If he fails, in some measure, in the dignity and heroism of the latter scenes, his performance is, nevertheless, take it for all in all, the most perfect representation of the crook'd-back tyrant, that the stage can boast of. In the earlier parts of the play, it may be almost questioned whether, through his advantages of nature and art, he was ever excelled. This praise, though partial, is greater than any other living actor can claim.

The *sir Pertinax* of Mr. Cooke is, when that gentleman has all his wits about him, the most perfect piece of acting on the English stage. It exceeds in excellence the conception of every auditor; and there is no wish to add a single touch to the picture. After Mr. Cooke's death, this part will in all probability cease to be acted.

There are several passages in the comedy which seemed to be considered by the audience as more than usually apposite. Egerton says to *sir Pertinax*, "When a man is drunk, is that the best time for business?" This question staggered Mr. Cooke; who excited a peal of applause on observing, in another scene, that "*The old political post-horses were all broke down and done up.*"

## ANECDOCE FROM HARRIOTT.

The following anecdote, taken from a very interesting work, some time since published in England, and bearing the title of "STRUGGLES THROUGH LIFE," by lieutenant John Harriot, is offered, as being truly characteristic of the cunning and knavery of certain casts of Gentoos in India.

"I WAS travelling (says Mr. Harriot) with a party of officers and a guard of Sepoys. We stopped to refresh ourselves; and among the inhabitants of a village, who came out to view us as objects of curiosity, one fellow was so unusually audacious as to force himself into the tent where we were dining, using strange gestures, and making an extravagant noise. Having in vain endeavoured to learn his meaning we ordered him out; he refused to go, and we then ordered the palanquin bearers in attendance to force him out. On his being thus removed to a short distance from our tent, we soon heard a confused noise and lamentation, and were informed that this fellow, who pretended to be a devotee, had swooned away from the effect of pollution, in being touched by our palanquin bearers, who were Parriers.\*

"We rather laughed at this account: louder lamentations were heard, and word was brought that the man was dead. We went out and found a great many people assembled round the body, lamenting and complaining of the outrage. It became necessary to order our Sepoys under arms, and the servants to be on their guard. We sent for the head men of the village, and the body was thoroughly examined by the natives and pronounced to be dead. There certainly appeared no visible signs of life; but the trifling injury he could have received by the handling to overcome merely his own resistance, and the absurdity of a man's dying from the effect of fancied pollution, added to my experience of their powers of deception, perfectly satisfied my mind that this fellow was an impostor.

"Desiring my brother officers to leave the business to my management, I acquainted the natives that I had an infallible means of knowing whether the man was dead or not; that if there was the least spark of life remaining, since the body had received no injury, I could restore him, though the remedy would

\* The lowest cast.

be exceedingly severe. They wanted to remove him; but this I would not suffer, well knowing they might make any report they pleased concerning his death, and create much trouble.

“ I laid hold of his hand, and was some time before I could feel a pulse which completely satisfied me; but I kept my own counsel. Again the people pressed forward tumultuously, with an apparent design to carry the body away by force; but, ordering the Sepoys to advance with fixed bayonets, I made them retire to a distance, suffering only the head men to remain. In vain did I endeavour to persuade them that the man counterfeited, until, finding nothing else would do, I assured them I possessed powers they had no conception of, and, without touching the body again, I would convince them of the man’s being still alive, by drawing a flame from his body, which they should see, and which would continue burning and consuming him unless he rose from the earth. My brother officers listened with nearly as much attention as the natives.

“ I sent my dubash, Punnapa, to enjoin silence to the multitude, as a miracle was going to be performed by a European bramin, which he assured them I was, (knowing I officiated as a chaplain.)

“ Ordering my travelling escrutoir to be brought, I placed it near the man’s head, and took from it a wax taper, a small match, and a little bottle; articles I carried for the convenience of getting a light when wanted: I also took out a bit of sealing wax, wrapped within a piece of white paper. I then directed all to be silent while the ceremony was performing, under pain of their being struck with death. Having had this explained by Punnapa to the chiefs, and by them again to the people, I was well satisfied the dead man heard and understood the whole, by slight involuntary twitchings I saw in his muscles.

“ When all was quiet, I began by walking slowly round the extended body four times, laying one of the four articles each time at his feet: uttering with a solemn loud voice, the following five latin words that happened to occur, “ Omne bene, non sine pena.” I believe that the fall of a pin might have been heard while I was performing this mummery.

“ Having managed, with tolerable seriousness, I took up all the articles, stood across the man, and, raising both my arms as high as I could reach, called aloud, “ Si—lence!” Then bending over the body, I held a match in my right hand, the wax taper in my left; and drawing the cork from the bottle of phosphorus, just above his navel, at the moment I applied the match to light it, as it were from his body. I began to sing, “ God save great George, our king.” But the instant the flame was seen, there was such a yell of “ Ah, yaw, swaamee, ah, yaw, swaamee,” as completely drowned all my fine singing. Lighting my taper, I proceeded with my work, by melting the sealing wax and dropping it hot, close above his navel; but the fellow had not patience to stay for more than two or three drops of my miraculous wax, before he jumped up and ran away, bellowing and clawing his belly, without stopping to thank me for his cure, or answering the calls of others, until he got within the village.

“ That the fellow had heard and understood what passed, with my declaration that I possessed a power to draw forth a flame from his body, was evident; and I depended on the sudden attack of the burning wax, on so tender a part, heightened by his own imagination, to overthrow all the obstinacy of trick, and produce some such effect as would satisfy he was not dead. What his particular aim was, it might be difficult to make out.”

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## COWPER ON AUTHORS.

CARACCIOLI says, “ there is something very bewitching in authorship, and that he who has once written, will write again.” It may be so; I can subscribe to the former part of his assertion from my own experience, having never found an amusement among the many I have been obliged to have recourse to, that so well answered the purpose for which I used it. The quiet and composing effect of it was such, and so totally absorbed have I sometimes been in my rhyming occupation, that neither the past nor the future had any longer a share in my

contemplation. For this reason I wish, and have often wished, since the fit left me, that it would seize me again, but hitherto I have wished it in vain. I see no want of subjects, but I feel a total disability to discuss them; whether it is thus with other writers or not I am ignorant; but I should suppose my case, in this respect, a little peculiar.

The voluminous writers, at least those whose vein of fancy seems also to have been rich in proportion to their occasions, cannot have been so unlike and so unequal to themselves. There is this difference between my poetship and the generality of *them*—they have been ignorant how much they have stood indebted to an almighty power, for the exercise of those talents they have supposed their own: whereas I know, I know most perfectly, I am perhaps to be taught to the last, that my power to think, whatever it be, and consequently my power to compose, is, as much as my outward form, afforded to me by the same hand that makes me in any respect to differ from a brute.

A serious poem is like a swan, it flies heavily and never far; but a jest has the wings of a swallow, that never tire, and that carry it into every nook and corner. I am perfectly a stranger to the reception that my volume meets with, and I believe with respect to my *nonchalance* upon that subject, if authors would but copy so fair an example, am a most exemplary character. I must tell you, nevertheless, that although the laurels I gain at Olney will never minister much to my pride, I have acquired some. The Rev. Mr. Stonehouse is my admirer, and thinks my second volume superior to my first. It ought to be so. If we do not improve by practice, then nothing can mend us; and a man has no more cause to be mortified at being told he has excelled himself, than the elephant had whose praise it was, that he was the greatest elephant in the world, himself excepted.

## COWPER.

A MAN'S *lordship* is nothing to me, says Cowper in his Correspondence, any farther than in connection with qualities that entitle him to my respect. If he thinks himself privileged by it, to treat me with neglect, I am his humble servant, and shall never be at a loss to render him an equivalent. I will not, how-

ever, belie my knowledge of mankind so much, as to seem surprised at a treatment which I had abundant reason to expect. To these men with whom I was once intimate, and for many years, I am no longer necessary, no longer convenient, or in any respect an object. They think of me as of the man in the moon, and whether I have a lantern, or a dog and faggot, or whether I have neither of those desirable accommodations, is to them a matter of perfect indifference. Upon that point we are agreed, our indifference is mutual; and were I to publish again, I should give them a proof of it.

L'Estrange's *Josephus*, says the same author, has lately furnished us with evening lectures. But the historian is so tediously circumstantial, and the translator so insupportably coarse and vulgar, that we are all three weary of him. How would Tacitus have shone upon such a subject, great master as he was of the art of description, concise without obscurity, and affecting without being poetical. But so it was ordered, and for wise reasons no doubt, that the greatest calamities any people ever suffered, and an accomplishment of one of the most signal prophecies in the scripture, should be recorded by one of the worst writers. The man was a temporiser too, and courted the favour of his Roman masters, at the expense of his own creed, or else an infidel, and absolutely disbelieved it. You will think me very difficult to please, I quarrel with *Josephus* for the want of elegance, and with some of our modern historians for having too much. With him, for running right forward like a gazette, without stopping to make a single observation by the way; and with them, for pretending to delineate characters that existed two thousand years ago, and to discover the motives by which they were influenced, with the same precision as if they had been their contemporaries. Simplicity is become a very rare quality in a writer. In the decline of great kingdoms, and where refinement in all the arts is carried to an excess, I suppose it is always rare. The latter Roman writers are remarkable for false ornament; they were yet, no doubt, admired by the readers of their own day; and with respect to the authors of the present æra, the most popular among them appear to me equally censurable on the same account. *Swift* and *Addison* were simple.

## THUCYDIDES AND LIVY CRITICISED.

Two eminent objections lie against the historical narration of both these illustrious ancient writers. The former by his long speeches, gives an air of romance to his history. The latter, by an omission of dates, diminishes the authority of his relations.— Nothing more discredits the ancient historians, than their artificial orations in the mouths of their characters, a practice derogatory from the simplicity of naked truth, and plain narrative: with respect to dating events, the ancient writers considered this circumstance as burthensome to the tenor of narration; nor were they more industrious and exact in quoting the authors on whom they rested their authorities, but seemed desirous that posterity should give implicit confidence to their own.

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## DEFENCE OF THE STAGE.

RIGID moralists have alarmed susceptible consciences, by deprecating the amusements of the theatre, as destructive of religion and derogatory to virtue. They draw no line between a chaste exhibition and a licentious one: but every deviation from precise rectitude is traced to the source of an imagination heated by scenic representations. Quick feelings and lively dispositions are the most open to the evil insinuations of any wrong bias from the stage; but a girl (for I particularly think of that sex on whom an intemperate fancy commits most ravages), whose passions are not curbed and strengthened by reason, will most probably err from misguided sentiment, even though she never witnessed a comedy which derides virtue, or a tragedy which softens vice. Right principles will always yield to wrong impulses in a character, whose foundation has never been built upon consistent morality: the danger does not lie in the contagion of a theatre, but in the mind which has been previously prepared to imbibe it; we are infected only with that disease which is congenial to our constitution; if love is to be caught from

seeing it represented, or felt because a woman has listened to its description, the fire of imagination must have quenched her delicacy. An admiration of the drama is scarcely ever derived from an enjoyment of its literary beauties; young women dwell with pleasure not upon the performance, but upon the performers; how such a fine passage was repeated, is not remembered as elucidating the author's intention, but with a reference to the favourite actor's or actress's pronunciation of it. When this is the case I clearly agree with the public abridgers of gayety, that the impression is dangerous; but the effect of pleasure is here only shown to be the consequence of a flimsy education; if women are ruined, it is not owing to the stimulus of an exceptionable dramatic composition, or to their having been the auditor of a fine one. I do not mean to deny that a judicious author has the master-key to human nature, and that as he touches it each complicated ward will unfold itself to his power: but if his key does not fit the lock, it can open no hidden shame; if the feeling does not exist, his art cannot call it forth. It is not necessary that a double entendre should be misunderstood; but its depravity should render it despicable: to avoid being guilty, it is not necessary to shun the knowledge of crime; an enemy discovered, is guarded against; once seize the passes which vice may occupy, and his forces can be constantly repulsed. Mirabel, in Farquhar's comedy of the Inconstant, concentrates in one speech the whole possible danger of the stage: "The play-house," says he, "is the element of poetry, because the region of beauty; the ladies methinks have a more triumphant air in the boxes, than any where else; they sit commanding on their thrones with all their subject slaves about them; their best looks, best clothes, shining jewels, sparkling eyes, the treasures of the world in a ring—then there is such a hurry of pleasure to transport us, the bustle, noise, gallantry, smiles, love, music and applause; I could wish my whole life were the first night of a new play."

The fair enthusiast responds to this hilarity of expression; and unless she has been taught to discriminate forgets that this description comes from a profligate, and though in unison with his actions would never be uttered by a sober character. I al-

low that theatrical amusements have the power of clinging round the taste and fancy, beyond any other species of dissipation ; but under certain restrictions, and steadiness of judgment, I think their influence can never augment the resources of vice. We are not bound to admire a comedy because we have seen it acted, or to applaud a tragedy because it is written in blank-verse. The free agency of good sense and the integrity of principle, will assert their office although the senses may have been cheated by “blear illusion.” When mischief is done by the stage, it is the eye which betrays the understanding ; and surely having discovered the traitor, it is in our power to convert his qualities to our own use. In order to blunt all the arrows of temptation, it may be safe to arrest the mind upon theatrical compositions as one of the most ornamental branches of literature : reading supposes study, and when the powers of attention exert the energies of memory, we may apprehend no danger from effervescent feeling. “To catch the manners living as they rise,” is the business of a dramatist ; and to mark probable incidents, portrayed in Nature’s language, never can injure the most frigid morality. Acting is the animation of thought ; and when we yield to the satisfaction of seeing a favourite author well represented I cannot see that our religious tenets are extinguished in the pleasure. This exception may perhaps be granted me only in favour of the chaste and moral muse ; but no pardon can be extorted for those who attend to witness a piece, where

“Intrigue is plot, obscenity is wit,”

nor is pardon asked. A female who feels gratified, or does not express herself disgusted, at a licentious performance, has not within her grasp one firm motive to break the force of temptation. To be one of the audience at Farquhar’s ‘Constant Couple’ must be distressing to genuine modesty ; but it does not follow that it should bereave you of that quality, though you will certainly be confirmed in a distaste for ribaldry. Scene and decoration merely attach to sight ; and their eblouissant brilliancy is perfectly harmless as an instrument of wit : delusion acknowledged loses its power ; these fairy splendours may just play round the memory but they never will be riveted to it : and,

supposing they should sometimes sparkle into the fancy, their aim has been 'to elevate and surprise,' and with as little intention of rational sense as Mr. Bays transfused into his own writings. Without amplifying my position, that the drama well written does not sow the seed of crime, or the stage well regulated does not produce the fruit, I will leave the heads of my vindication, sufficiently satisfied with the press of evidence, which my cause exhibits in the virtuous lives of many theatrical amateurs. That all who frequent play-houses are good, I do not assert; but that all who stay away from them are free from sin, I should be loth to admit. If authors would not propagate evil through the medium of their pens, nor actors exemplify the lesson in their lives, the whole community would consent

"To chase the charms of sense, the pomp of show,  
For useful mirth or solitary wo,  
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,  
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage."

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#### AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE CELEBRATED ROBIN HOOD.

THE true name of this personage, was Robin Fitzooth, or Fitzhugh. The addition of Fitz, common to many Norman names, was afterwards omitted, or dropped. The *th* being turned into *d*, he was called Ood or Hood. This famous outlaw and deer stealer, who robbed the rich and spared the poor, was a man of quality; grandson to Ralph Fitzooth, earl of Kyme, a Norman, whose name is in a roll of Battle Abbey. He came into England with William Rufus: his maternal grandfather was Gilbert de Gaunt, earl of Lincoln; his grandmother was the lady Roisia de Bere, sister to the earl of Oxford, and countess of Essex, from whom the town of Royston, where she was buried, takes its name. His father was under the guardianship of Robert earl of Oxford, who by the king's order gave to him in marriage the third daughter of lady Roisia. At Kirklees in Yorkshire, formerly a

benedictine nunnery, it is known, Robin Hood lies buried:— Thoresby, from the papers of doctor Gale, has preserved the following inscription on his tomb, now no longer legible:

Hear undernead dis laith stearn,  
 Laiz Robert earl of Huntingtun,  
 Na arcir ver az hie sae good,  
 And pipl kauld him Robin Hood;  
 Sick ulaws az hie an iz men,  
 Vil England nivr si agen.

*Obit. 24. Kal. Dekembri, 1247.*

In modern English thus:—

Here, underneath this humble stone  
 Lies Robert earl of Huntingdon;  
 No archer was like him so good,  
 And people call'd him Robin Hood ;  
 Such outlaws as he and his men  
 England will never see again.

*He died December 24, 1247.*

The name of Fitz Hugh, given to this person, is near enough to justify it as being of Norman origin; Hugh or Hugues, was common in France. The change from Hugh or Ooth, is easily accounted for. The fact is that D represents in Welsh orthography to this day, the Saxon Theta, answering to our th. The Saxons wrote nord and sud, not north and south. This appears also in Robin Hood's epitaph; for undernead, if properly pronounced, is underneath, and dis is this. The middling sort of people in the provinces, it is clear, have retained most of the language of our ancestors, in its purity; they not being exposed, like the higher classes and those of the capital, to a more free but corruptive intercourse with foreigners.

## DRAMATICUS—NO. III.

## A NEW MODE OF AIDING DANCERS.

IN the year 1749, a company of French performers having hired the Haymarket theatre, the London populace resolved to prevent them from playing—and accordingly large parties were formed, who were distributed over the house, and by their vociferations and outrages hindered the players from even making a commencement with the performance. Two magistrates had been provided, who took their seats in the pit, and a party of soldiers were in waiting, ready to obey the call of the magistrates, to preserve the peace, and support the performers in their representation of the play. The populace pertinaciously persisting in the uproar, one of the magistrates made an attempt to read the proclamation, but was prevented by a gentleman from procuring a candle for that purpose. As the people in the house would not hear the performers, an attempt was made to pacify them by a grand dance. But this was defeated by several persons in the gallery who had prepared themselves with a quantity of peas for the purpose, of which they threw a bushel or two on the stage,\* which rendered it unsafe for the dancers to proceed. After several debates and parleys, victory declared itself in favour of the people, and the performers were obliged to dismiss the house without any performance.

## PRICE OF ADMISSION TO THE THEATRE.

IN the infancy of the stage in England, the price of admission was as low as two-pence. Afterwards the seats were raised to six-pence, a shilling, and the highest for a long time were only two shillings and six pence.

## FEMALE PERFORMERS.

TILL some time after the restoration, no female performer ever appeared on the stage in England. Sir William Davenant, proprietor of one of the London theatres, first innovated upon this ancient custom. Mrs. Hughes, in the character of Desdemona, is said to have been the first who appeared on the stage.†

\* Victor's history of the stage. † Baker.

## BEAUTIES OF PROSE.

ANTHONY PASQUIN, the biographer of John Edwin, comedian, has some most sublime plunges into the true bathos, not to be equalled by any of the heroes of the Dunciad: e. g.

“ In some of his actions he was puerile to the extreme, *which I always thought indicatory of innate goodness.*”\* If this were a real indication of “ *innate goodness,*” it would prove that there is vastly more of that very excellent quality among mankind than philosophers have generally been willing to admit.

On the question whether the audiences at theatres have any right to scrutinize the private characters of actors, Pasquin makes the following profound observation; “ Though the right of investigation must be denied, yet there is a proper something involved in the public interference in such events, as is not repugnant to the common ideas of justice, though it is hostile to the immediate letter of relative concerns.”† It is much to be regretted that this admirable writer did not condescend to inform us what is this “ proper something,” which is “ hostile to the immediate letter of relative concerns;” for I dare say not one in a thousand of his readers has ever been able to discover the important secret.

“ Though in the curvetings of his existence, he may have been known sometimes to violate the chastity of social worth, we should not bedim his memory by the black influence of uncharitableness.”‡ Happy would it be for a reader condemned to the toil of wading through the lucubrations of Anthony Pasquin, if they were not so frequently “ bedimmed” with the *obfuscations* of folly and nonsense.

“ His gesticulation in the scene relative to the procession of lady Godiva, was most wonderful—he was *meretricious without crimsoning the cheek of modesty.*”§ Meretricious, according to the dictionaries, means whorish, or lewd; and it remained for this luminous writer to discover how it is possible to be either one or the other without “ crimsoning the cheek of modesty.”

\* *Eccentricities of John Edwin*, vol. 2. p. 4.    † *Ibid.*    ‡ *Ibid.*    § *Ibid.*

*Gustavus Vasa.*

IT is generally known that this tragedy which was written anno 1738, was prohibited to be represented by the lord chamberlain of England. But it is known to few that it had been rehearsed at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, that the actors were all ready, and that the interdiction was to the last degree unexpected by the author. He did not however suffer any pecuniary disadvantage by the prohibition; as a subscription was immediately opened for the publication of the play, which met with such great success that it amounted to eight hundred pounds sterling.\*

THE theatre was at a very low ebb about the commencement of Shakspeare's career as a dramatist. The curtain was nothing more than a blanket, or a piece of coarse cloth—the walls were totally bare of ornament. This mean appearance arose principally from the reduced prices of admittance which I have mentioned above, resulting from the competition between the numerous theatres then in London. There were generally six or seven open at once, and at one period, there were no less than seventeen.†

## FEELINGS OF AN ACTOR, WITH AN ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

Much stress has always been laid on this passage in Horace, *De arte poeticâ sive dramaticâ*;

Si vis me flere, dolendum est  
Primum ipsi sibi.

and it is supposed, in a highly wrought scene of wo, the actor suffers sensibly from the distress of that passion. We have all heard it said, that the effect produced on Mrs. Siddons, from entering too deeply into the feelings, which she so admirably excites in the character of Isabella, has been very alarming; and that other performers have been unable, at the end of a piece, to walk off the stage. Such may have been the effect, but we are not ready to admit that the true cause has been alleged. Affectation out of the question.

\* Baker's *Biographia Dramatica*, I. 46. † *Ibid.* 115.

it may, in my opinion, arise from excessive fatigue, through violent efforts, but never from the indulgence of the passion which they mimick. Take this anecdote to support the assertion.

Garrick roused the feelings more than any actor on record, and most probably suffered as much from this exertion. However, I have lately learned, from a medical gentleman of eminence, that on his once making the above remark to Tom King, the comedian, he received this reply:—"Pooh—he suffer from his feelings! why, sir, I was playing with him one night in Lear, when in the middle of a most passionate and afflicting part, and when the whole house was drowned in tears, he turned his head round to me, and putting his tongue in his cheek, whispered "Damme, Tom, it'll do!" so much for stage feeling! In fine, an actor may make others feel, without feeling himself, as a whetstone can work up steel until it cuts, which the whetstone never does.

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#### THE PRAISE OF WINE.

*From Rousseau.*

Every intemperance is a vice, especially that which deprives us of our noblest faculty. Excess of wine degrades the man, suspends his reason for a certain time, and, if persevered in, at length brutalizes his nature. But love of wine is not a crime; it rarely is the cause of one; for it rather makes men stupid than wicked. For one slight quarrel which wine may occasion, it paves the way to a hundred lasting friendships. Generally speaking, bacchanalians are full of cordiality and frankness; they are all good, upright,\* just, faithful, brave and honest men, even to their own detriment. Can the same be said of other vices, which some would substitute in its place? How many seeming virtues often conceal real vices. The sage is sober through temperance, the villain through deceit. In countries where treason and adultery prevail, they fear a state of indiscretion which discovers the heart unintentionally. In those places in which the people most abhor drunkenness, there it is that they have the most interest to guard against its generous effects. In Switzerland, it is almost held in admiration; at Naples it is looked upon with horror: but let me ask, which, at the bottom, is most to be feared, the intemperance of a Swiss or the reserve of an Italian?

\* Qr. A drunken man upright! EDITOR.

Let us not then calumniate the vice itself—Wine does not create wickedness, but detects it. He who, in his wine, slew Clitus, killed Philotas in cold blood. If inebriety has its phrensy, what passion is without? The difference is that other vices are deeply inlaid in the soul, and that this is lit up for one moment and in the next extinguished. Be sure of it, that he who, when inebriated, does wicked actions, covers in his hours of sobriety, base and wicked designs.

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#### METAPHORS.

“Metaphors,” says Cicero, “like virgins, should exhibit themselves sparingly, and with reserve: but appear without affectation.” Is it possible that authors, who use trifling or disgusting ones, should forget that the aim of composition is to delight and amuse? In using metaphors, we should not descend from the genus to the species. The “flame of love,” may be admitted as a proper figure of speech; but we cannot say with propriety, the “sparks of love\*,” or the “wick of love.” A metaphor is a short or abridged comparison; but it should not be too long extended, lest from a metaphor it descend into an enigma.

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#### COMPARISONS.

Plato has very sagaciously observed, “that of all the shipwrecks to which the human understanding is liable on the sea of ratiocination, the most common is that of splitting on the rock of false comparisons or similitudes.”

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#### MUSIC.

##### *Extract from Milton relative to Music.*

THERE is no subject on which many of our best writers more frequently expose themselves than when they have to speak of music. Thus Addison, when criticising the Italian opera, discovered his ignorance of the subject; sir William Temple, in speaking of modern music, showed how very little he knew

\* Though love has *sparks* and *wicked* ones too.

about it;\* Pope, whose ear for versification was so remarkably correct, had no pleasure in the combination of sounds; and the same may be said of Southey and of Mrs. Barbauld, as well as some others of our living bards.

The very reverse is the case with Milton: he speaks and writes of music not only with all the grace and fancy of a poet, but with the correctness and precision of a musician. He imbibed, most probably, from his father, a love for, and a knowledge of this most pleasing of sciences. His father was a composer of some note in his time, and Milton himself was not only an excellent judge of music, but a skilful performer on the organ.—Henry Lawes, who was one of the best composers of his time, was Milton's intimate and particular friend; he composed the music for *Comus*, in which he performed the part of an attendant spirit. Milton never discontinued his friendship to Lawes, although he was strongly attached to the royal party.

I have selected several of the passages wherein Milton mentions the subject of music, which will bear ample testimony to his complete knowledge of this science and its effects.

“ And ever against eating cares  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs  
 Married to immortal verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
 In notes with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out;  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony.”

*L'Allegro, v. 135, et seq.*

Milton here shows his acquaintance with the distinguishing characteristic of one of the modes of ancient music. The Grecians had three modes; the Doric, which was grave, solemn and im-

\* “ It is agreed by the learned that the science of music is now lost to the world, and what we have now is made up of certain notes that fall into the fancy or observation of a poor friar in chanting his matins.”—Sir W. Temple's *Essays*, vol. 1. p. 43. This is the petulant observation of a conceited pedant, who affected to despise every thing that did not bear the stamp of antiquity.

pressive ; the Phrygian, which was light and lively, and the Lydian, which was mild and soothing. The Lydian mode therefore is used here with perfect propriety. Dryden, in his *Alexander's Feast* has mistaken the meaning of the word.

“ Softly sweet in Lydian measures,  
Soon he sooth'd the soul to pleasures.”

Here the term “ Lydian,” is used as referring to the measure of metre, with which it has no sort of connexion: It is equally improper as if we were to say an adagio measure or a presto metre.

Milton, on the contrary, connects the word with the air or melody, which is entirely correct. The idea in the eighth line of this passage Mr. Malone supposes to have been borrowed from Marston's comedy “ What you will.”

“ Cannot your trembling wires throw a *chain*  
Of powerful rapture, 'bout our *mazed* sense.”

But Malone evidently did not understand the meaning of the passage, for, as Warton very correctly observes, Milton is not describing the effect of music on the senses, but of a skilful musician on music. Milton's meaning is, not that the senses are *enchaîned* or *amazed*, by music, but that, as the voice of the singer runs through the manifold mazes or intricacies of sound, all the chains are *untwisted* which imprison or entangle the *hidden soul*, the essence or perfection of *harmony*.”

Another instance of Milton's correctness in appropriating the different modes of antient music, is the following, where speaking of the march of the infernal army, in the first book of *Paradise Lost*, he says:—

“ Anon they move,  
In perfect phalanx, to the *Dorian* mode  
Of flutes and soft recorders : such as rais'd  
To height of noblest temper heroes old,  
Arming to battle ; and, instead of rage,  
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd  
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat.”

*Par. Lost, b. 1, v. 549, et seq.*

In this as in the former instance, the particular mood is applied with great correctness. The infernal legions were first sum-

moned together and animated with “the warlike sound of trumpets loud and clarions uprear’d.” The effect of this animating sound on the army is described with all Milton’s fire:

“ At which the universal host up sent  
 A shout that tore hell’s concave, and beyond,  
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.”

*Ibid. b. 1, v. 541, et seq.*

Their ardour thus roused, they were to move on “in perfect phalanx,” and, instead of trumpets and clarions, flutes and recorders were used, in order to inspire them with cool and steady courage. Milton elsewhere uses the words *Doric* and *grave* as nearly synonymous expressions.

If we think to regulate printing, and thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song set or sung, but what is *grave* and *Doric*.

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#### SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

##### *Hints to the Purchasers of Horses.*

To purchase a horse free from blemish and imperfection, is, by experience, found to be a task more difficult and arduous than the whole art of horsemanship; and I believe there is no kind of traffic wherein there are so many deceptions practised, as in the sale of horses. It may not be unserviceable, therefore, to put down a few short directions on this subject, by way of precaution to the unwary, and such as have been the dupes of dealers and jockies, whose business it is, to impose on the credulity of the novice, by disguising every imperfection in the beast, and discovering imaginary beauties.

I remember once to have seen a horse, which I judged from his appearance had been in several very indifferent hands: excessive labour had evidently been his portion, and many an ungrateful

blow his reward ; but, notwithstanding this, the remains of a most beautiful symmetry were yet discoverable in him. The dealer, in my presence, whipped the animal so cruelly, that I could not forbear remonstrating with him on the severity of his treatment.— To which he replied, “ that he had certainly the same right as other tradesmen, to set off his commodity in the most advantageous light possible ; and who would be to blame,” he asked, “ but myself, was I not to exercise that right ; but if you know not the utility of what you saw, know then,” continued he, (at the same instant giving a crack with his whip, which made the poor scared creature ready to fly through the manger) “ that it was to collect his scattered spirits together, in case a purchaser should drop in.”—“ A fig for the humanity of the world !” said I ; “ and is it thus every poor devil of a horse that unfortunately falls into thy hands, is to be whipped out of his skin, merely for the sake of thy advantage :” Upon which he left the stable. The horse looked behind him the moment he heard his master quit the stable. On walking up, in order to cherish him, I observed the tears rolling down his face ; which operated so strongly on my affections, that I declared I would never more see an animal beaten unjustly, without punishing the offender.

There are many inconveniences arising from an immoderate use of the whip, which might be easily obviated, were it used rather sparingly, and with a little more lenity than it commonly is ; for instead of doing any real good, it not only makes the horse fearful of every motion you make about him, but it becomes very dangerous to go near him ; as by his uneasiness, and shifting from side to side, (expecting every moment a beating) he may probably throw you down, and trample you under his feet. I recollect witnessing a distressing scene, which happened to a man who made it a constant rule to whip the horses he had on sale three or four times a day, to make them show more life and spirits, as he termed it ; when a horse struck him down, and almost trampled him to death.

Before you make choice of a horse, you should consider for what occupation you design him ; and acquaint yourself with all the excellencies and imperfections of these useful creatures : for, as the moderately thin-shouldered, long-backed, tall, and

flat-ribbed horse, is best adapted for racing; the short-backed, small jointed, and round barrelled horse, for travel; the moderately large and lean head, a large windpipe that hangs rather loose from the fleshy pannicle, small close nostrils, high withers, and the generality of the shape strong and well knit together, for hunting; the broad-backed, full-shouldered, thick-withered, wide-breasted horse, provided his legs are short jointed, straight, strong, and well proportioned, for a collar; so the small horse, with a short back, small head, short jointed and thin legs, of a well proportioned and handsome shape, should be chosen for ease, and summer pleasure.

On entering the stable, in order to select a horse, the first thing necessary to be done, is, to see how he stands on his legs; and, particularly, that no person is in the stable with him; for, trust me, if there is any defect in either of those members, you will soon discover it by his shifting the position, and but just touching the ground with the toe of the leg affected.

Having satisfied yourself as to this particular, order him to be taken into some yard, or open place; but remember to be the last in the stable, or the dealer, or some of his attendants, will make it their business to fig him without your knowledge, unless you keep an attentive eye to their conduct: for these fellows being in the constant practice of it, are so expert, that one would imagine it was done by a kind of slight of hand.

The practice of figging prevails throughout the kingdom, and is so cruel in its nature, that I think, in humanity, it ought to be disused. It is done by thrusting a piece of ginger up the fundament, which makes the horse carry his tail high, and appear to greater advantage, though but for a very short time.

Every person must be aware, that the subtle fiery nature of the ginger must cause a very uncomfortable sensation in that part: for the horse cannot stand still a moment while it remains there, consequently it is unnecessarily teasing a horse, and setting but a very temporary advantage on him, just so long as the dealer can wring the money out of your purses; for the very next day, to your great chagrin, he will look five pounds worse for the experiment.

*Countenance.*—The horse being now before you in an open place, and not near any white wall, take your station about three or four paces off, in a line with his breast; observe his countenance, that it is cheerful, sprightly, and free from heaviness and gloom: that the ears are thin, small, evenly set, and terminate in a point; for if they are thick, long, too closely set to each other, and drooping, it is not only a great deformity, but such a horse will be dull, heavy, and sleepy.

*Face.*—The face should be lean, and free from flesh; the forehead broad, and rather swelling outward. A star or blaze thereon are considered marks of beauty and courage; but if the forehead is flat, the face in general flat and cloudy, and a baldness appear on the nose, they are deformities.

*Eyes.*—If the eyes are round, black, shining, not too big, but rather protuberant, so that they move about their orbits with a quick and lively motion, and in doing it little or none of the whites appear, they are good. But if, on the contrary, they look of a yellow cast, dull, moist, and sunk—they are bad.

*Nostrils.*—The nostrils should not be so large as, upon every little effort, to occasion the muzzle to become wide, distended, and the inside redness to appear, that being a sure sign of a short wind, and weakness. The muzzle of the nostrils should be small and the inside free from moisture; the upper lip should not hang over the lower one, but both meet evenly together; and particularly observe that the horse is not shallow-mouthed.

*Chest.*—From the head, look down to the chest: if it is broad, prominent, and muscular, it denotes beauty and strength; whereas the narrow chest is an evidence of deformity and weakness; the legs, being set too close together, will interfere with the motion of each other, and thereby greatly hinder speed, cause the horse to stumble, and sometimes to fall.

*Thighs.*—The thighs should be fleshy, sinewy, and moderately outward swelling; so that, upon any little strain, or movement of the body, the muscles thereof may be clearly discerned: for they are signs of strength; the contrary, of weakness.

*Knees.*—Particular care should be taken in examining the knees; that they are lean, sinewy, closely-knit, and evenly proportioned: but if they appear swelled, and feel soft as if a quantity

of wind had collected between the skin and flesh; or, if one knee appears larger than the other, or looks thin and bristly, the hair broken, &c.—These are true marks of a stumbler, and such a horse ought to be rejected.

*Pasterns.*—In examining the pasterns, see that they are flat, lean, and free from every kind of scab, seam, and swellings.—They should be strong, straight, and rather short, for a long pastern shows weakness; and such a horse cannot perform a long journey without tiring.

*Hoofs.*—Nothing is more essentially necessary to be observed in the purchasing a horse, than the formation of the hoofs, which are the grand foundation of the whole mechanism of the animal; for, if they are bad, the superstructure, however finely proportioned, cannot possibly be good.

The hoofs should be smooth, tough, rather long, deep at the heel, and either black or dark brown: the former are the best proof against the effects of hard and bad roads. The white hoofs are tender, and subject to foundering.—The light brown ones are brittle, consequently will not carry a shoe well. A round hoof proceeds from contraction, and the flat ones show foundering.

If the hair on the coronet, or top of the hoof, lies smooth, close, and the flesh even therewith, it is perfect; but if the hair on that part looks thin, bristly, with little scales or scabs on the skin, and the flesh swelling over the hoof, I would advise you not to buy such a horse, as they are the forerunners of ring-bones, crown-scabs, quittorbones, &c.

Be particularly careful in examining the bottom of the feet; placing your thumb on the frog, compress it rather sharply, in order to discover any defect that might be there;—that they are large, spreading, open, and sound. I believe, I need not remind you, that the spongy, running, and decayed frogs are to be rejected.

*Neck.*—You are now to stand about three paces off, in a line with the horse's shoulder, and take a side view of him: the neck should be small, and rather short than long; and particularly observe, that no swelling appears on the setting on of the head. The shoulders should lie rather backward, and come round with a good sweep, and rise well up to the withers.

A horse low in the shoulders will be continually getting the saddle on his neck, unless a crupper is affixed to it. This, beside being very ungraceful, will cause him to stumble, and very probably to break down.

*Tail.*—The tail should stand rather high, flat, and bending a little inward; which, if the horse has a good buttock, it will do; but on a bad buttock, a hog or goose rump, a tail cannot stand well—They are objectionable deformities.

*Bow-legs.*—You are now to take a view of the hind parts, standing at a convenient distance from the horse, that you may more advantageously see that the hips are broad, round, and even; also that the hind legs are lean, flat, and sinewy. Be careful that they are not fat or swelled, and that one elbow of the hock is not larger than the other; that no seams or scars appear thereon; and that he is not bow-legged.

*Age.*—Various are the arts used by dealers, to prevent your discovering the true age of a horse by his teeth. It is therefore useless to write a long dissertation on that subject, as it would serve to perplex my reader, rather than to enlighten his judgment.

The shortest and most certain method to judge whether a horse is young or old, is this:—Turn back both lips; if the teeth are small, white, glossy, and fit evenly together, he is young;—but if they are large, long, yellow, irregularly set, and the top row project over the bottom, the tusks yellow, or of a blackish colour, he is old.

*Walk and trot in hand.*—Having finished your examination of the horse, see him walk and trot in hand; and let not the groom haul his head about, nor be too free with his whip; but that he leads him carelessly by the extreme end of the halter or bridle, as, by that means you will discover any defect that might possibly be in the joints, or if he be a stumbler.

Observe the motion of the legs: that the near fore leg and the far hind leg, or the far fore leg and the near hind leg, move, or shoot, at one and the same time; and that the hind legs do not obstruct the motion of the fore ones, but that all act in unison.

*Walk and trot mounted.*—Order the groom to take his back, and, standing behind him, see how he walks: that he carries his

head even, and the bit level in his mouth; that he does not bear down, nor pull on either side; but walks and trots straight, lifting his legs well off the ground with boldness, at the same time managing all smoothly.

*The gallop, and interfering.*—If a horse makes a clattering noise in his gallop, he interferes; that is, by treading too long, or making too much play with the hind leg, he strikes the toes thereof against the corners of the shoes before, which occasions a very disagreeable noise.

It is a natural imperfection, occasioned by uneven proportion; for, on critically examining such a horse, you will find him not only low in the shoulders, which causes weakness in the forelegs, but that the hind ones will be longest.

A horse, to gallop well, should lead off with his far forefoot, and lift his feet well off the ground, at the same time not raising them too high; and, in spreading his forelegs, he should follow even and lightly with the hind ones, without cutting under the knee, or injuring the back sinews of the fore ones.

Having seen the different paces of the horse, and formed a good opinion of him, it will not be unreasonable to request, particularly if you are the least known to the dealer of whom you are about to purchase, that you may be permitted to ride him a mile or two; and should he object to such a proposal, you would be warranted in forming a very unfavourable judgment of the horse, as well as of himself. If he permit you to ride the horse, when you are mounted, let him go his own pace, holding a loose rein: you will then have a better opportunity of knowing whether he be a stumbler; or whether he is sure-footed, and goes forward boldly, without halting or starting at every object which presents itself; at the same time, that he is not heavy or dull: they both have their bad effects, and ought to be rejected for these reasons: The startlish horse, by his timidity, exposes you every moment to imminent danger; whilst, on the other hand, the sleepy or sluggish horse provokes you every moment.

#### MODE OF ATTACKING THE BEAR IN FINLAND.

THIS is a kind of sport which requires great presence of mind and intrepidity, and it must be acknowledged that the Finlander displays those virtues in an eminent degree.

It is but very lately, that some individuals have begun to use fire arms in this chase; but there are still many among the peasantry, particularly in the inland part of the country, who will not expose their lives to the uncertain shot of a musket, which is so liable to be prevented by damp; nor be possessed of an instrument which they think too costly, even when of a very ordinary quality. The favourite weapon of the Finlander in hunting the bear, is an iron lance fixed at the end of a pole; at about the distance of a foot from the point of the lance is fixed a crossbar, which prevents the instrument from penetrating too far into the body of the bear, or passing both sides. When the Finlander has discovered where the bear has taken up his quarters, he goes to the place, and makes a noise at the entrance of his den, by which he endeavours to irritate and provoke him to quit his strong hold. The bear hesitates, and seems unwilling to come out; but continuing to be molested by the hunter and the barking of his dog, he at length gets up, and rushes in fury from his cavern. The moment he sees the sportsman, the bear rears himself upon his two hind legs, ready to tear him to pieces. The Finlander immediately puts himself in a proper attitude, that is to say, he brings back the iron lance close to his breast, and conceals from the bear the length of the pole, in order that he may not have time to be upon his guard, and consequently to parry with his paws the mortal blow the hunter means to aim at his vitals. The Finlander then advances boldly towards the bear, nor does he strike the blow till they are so near each other, that the animal stretches out his paws to tear his antagonist limb from limb. At that instant the hunter pierces his heart with the iron lance, which, but for the crossbar, would come out at his shoulder, nor could the other prevent the bear from falling upon him, an accident which might be highly dangerous. By means of the crossbar, the savage is kept upright, and ultimately thrown upon his back.

But what may appear to some very extraordinary is, the bear feeling himself wounded, instead of attempting with his paws to pull out the lance, holds it fast, and presses it more deeply into the wound. When the bear, after rolling himself upon the ground, ceases from the last struggles of death, the Finlander

lays hold of him, and calls for the assistance of his friends, who drag the carcase to the hunter's hut, and this triumph terminates in a sort of festival, where the poet assists, and sings the exploits of the hunter. As a specimen of Finland poetry, I have subjoined one of their songs, in praise of the man who conquered the bear.

A FINLANDER'S HUNTING SONG.

At the shy peep of day, while the dew-drops are seen

To begem the long boughs of the pine,

We followed the wanton dog over the green,

To the caves where the brambles entwine.

But 'twas thine, noble hunter, to rouse from his den

The rude shaggy savage, destructive to men.

His voice match'd the thunder, terrific and loud,

And the flashes that flew from his eye

Resembled the lightning that darts through the cloud

When the black robes of ev'ning are nigh.

But nor lightning nor thunder thy breast could appal—

Thou wert born for a hunter, thou pride of us all.

Sweet Culmer who lives on the banks of the lake,

When she hears of thy courage and fame,

Shall kiss thee to sleep, and caress thee awake,

For to beauty the brave have a claim.

Nor of beauty, nor kisses, the coward should know,

But go hide with the lev'ret, or fly with the doe.

Now the bright cup of friendship all merrily pass,

'Tis a trophy that hunters should wear,

While they drink to the health of a favourite lass,

And rejoice o'er the skin of the bear:

For mirth, love, and friendship, are surely his due,

Who's as bold as the eagle, yet mild as the ewe.

CHARACTER AND ANECDOTES OF PAUL, THE FAMOUS TYGER  
HUNTER IN INDIA.

*From Capt. Williamson's travels.*

Tyger hunting is a sport replete with danger, and of real interest, even to such as do not partake of the active diversions of the chase. Of such importance has the search for tygers, and their consequent destruction proved in some parts of Bengal, that large

tracts of country in a manner depopulated by their ravages or by the apprehensions to which the proximity of such a scourge naturally must give birth, have, by persevering exertion been freed from their devastations; and in lieu of being overrun with long grass and brambles, have become remarkable for the state of cultivation into which they have been brought.

This happy revolution may be (at Cozzimazar island) justly attributed to a German named Paul, who was for many years employed as superintendant of the elephants stationed at *Daudpore*, generally from fifty to a hundred in number. This remarkable man was about *six feet two inches in height*; his make was more than proportionably stout, and his disposition was completely indicative of the country which gave him birth. Nothing could ever rouse him to a state of merriment, even amidst the uproar of midnight festivity, of which he partook freely, but without being affected in the least by copious libations even of spirits, while others confined themselves to wine, Paul would sit nearly silent, with an unvarying countenance, twirling his thumbs, and occasionally volunteering with a German song, delivered with closed eyes, the thumbs still twirling, and with obvious tokens of delight at the sound of his own voice; which, though not offensive, was by no means equal to his own opinion of its merits. Paul never took offence; he was bent on making money, and his exertions were in the end amply successful. He was possessed of a coolness and presence of mind, which gave him a wonderful superiority in all matters relating to tyger-hunting. He rarely rode but on a bare pad, and ordinarily by himself, armed with an old musquet, and furnished with a small pouch containing his powder and ball. He was, however remarkably nice in the selection of elephants for this purpose; and as he was for many years in charge of such numbers, in which changes were perpetually made, from requisitions for service, and from new arrivals, we may justly conclude that he did not fail to keep himself well provided, by the reservation of such as were, in his opinion, best qualified for his views; and, indeed, the instances which occurred within my own knowledge, fully satisfied me of the superiority of his discrimination. The consciousness of his own corporeal powers as well as of the steadiness of the animal that bore him, and the continual practice in which he lived, could not fail to render Paul successful; even had his disposition been somewhat less phlegmatic, and his mind less steady. Accordingly, all were

governed by him, when after game; for which he would search to a great distance, and would perhaps set off thirty or forty miles, with as many elephants, on hearing of a tyger having committed depredations. As to hog-hunting, Paul thought it beneath his notice; and, as he used to express himself, "left that to the boys." Indeed, it was very rare to see him on a horse. His weight and disinclination no doubt were partly the cause of his rarely taking to the saddle; but, as he was a great dealer in elephants, and always had several in training for the *howdah*, we may fairly conjecture that the display of such as were ready for the market, was the motive which operated principally towards his riding elephants on all occasions.

Paul's aims were at the head or the heart, and in general his shots were well placed; rarely deviating many inches from the parts at which he levelled his musquet. He charged very amply, and never missed of effect for want of powder. I once fired his piece, but the recoil hurt me severely, and exhibited the difference between his feelings and mine.

Paul, who, I doubt not, has killed as many tygers as any hundred persons in India, used often to remark, that he could instantly, at the sight of a tyger, decide whether or not it had been in the habit of attacking the human race; or whether its devastations had been confined to cattle, &c. He observed, that such as had once killed a man, ever after cared but little for any other prey; and that they could be distinguished by the remarkable darkness of their skins, and by a redness in the cornea, or whites, of the eyes. Paul was assuredly a competent judge, but, I apprehend, this assertion partook more of hypothesis than of reason. At all events, it may be considered as a very nice distinction. Many circumstances seemed to corroborate his opinion as to their predilection for human flesh; it having been observed in various instances that such tygers as had been in the habit of attacking travellers, rarely did much mischief among the neighbouring herds.

Paul once killed five tygers in the same day: four of them were shot in less than an hour, in a patch of grass not exceeding three or four acres, where only one was supposed to be concealed.

Some tygers receive a score of wounds before they fall; and I have seen a skin so perforated as to resemble a perfect sieve. Paul used to boast, and with reason, that he expended less powder and ball than any other person: indeed, his first shot was in general, the

*coup de grace*. He was remarkable for killing such tygers as charged; on such occasions he always aimed at the *thorax* or chest, and never within my recollection had an elephant injured under him. He used a musket somewhat shortened in the barrel.

Paul, however, was not entirely free from accidents; he once got a scrape from a tyger's claw through the toe of his boot, and another time was, if we may use the expression, unhorsed, by his elephant coming suddenly upon a tyger when he was in pursuit of a buffalo. He very honestly confessed that all his presence of mind forsook him, and that, when he came to himself, and saw the tyger sitting on its haunches at the edge of a clump of *surput*, or tassel grass, about a dozen yards before him, he was near fainting: luckily its attention was attracted by the elephant, which, with her trunk and tail erect, ran screaming over the plain.

Paul was also famous for the immense nets he made use of in the taking of game. I have seen him employ nets a thousand yards long, and entangle every species of game, from a buffalo to a hog-deer.

In Britain they are unable to appreciate the merit of such a man of might and skill. But in a country where tygers have been known to watch for the man forwarding the post letters, and to carry off a courier daily for a week together, where also, no part is free from their incursions, and where many children are from time to time destroyed, such prowess is of importance to the country, and even to the state.

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#### THE SOLDIER'S RETURN; OR THE MIDNIGHT WANDERERS.

[Written by a Lady in Scotland, at twelve years of age.]

*Sold.* What taper lends its dying gleam  
Through yonder casement low?  
And who is she by Leven's stream,  
Whose footsteps print the snow?

*Jessie.* Ere sin' the dewfall of the night  
Yon blinking lamp I bore,  
To seek a father auld and blind,  
And guide him o'er the moor.

*Sold.* A kirk-yard turf, a nameless stane,  
 Maun soon thy father hide;  
 Then leave him, Jessie, and be mine,  
 A wealthy soldier's bride.  
 If never meant to cherish luv  
 That smile would no be thine,  
 Those eyes would be less bright and clear,  
 If never meant to shine.

*Jessie.* O never in my father's cot  
 Shall sorrow dim my e'e,  
 Nor ever shall thy proffer'd luv  
 Allure a smile frae me.  
 My tears I shed in yon kirk-yard  
 Beside my mother's stane;  
 My smiles I keep to cheer our board,  
 And soothe a father's pain.

*Sold.* Yet turn, my Jessie, turn and smile,  
 Thy waefu' task resign;  
 His prop may be thy brother's luv,  
 But thine maun a' be mine.

*Jessie.* Cauld is my brother Arthur's luv;  
 Twice ten lang years are gane,  
 Sin' pierced wi' mony a ghastly wound,  
 They found him 'mang the slain.

*Sold.* If Arthur's luv, now dead wi' him,  
 Sic saft regret can claim,  
 Thy kindest smiles should cheer the heart  
 Which feeds a living flame.

*Jessie.* Far mair, kind soger, mair than a'  
 That boasted wealth I'd gi'e,  
 For one ray of the morning light  
 To cheer my father's e'e.  
 Far mair I'd gie to guard the turf  
 That laps my brother's head,  
 Far mair I'd gie to bless the hand  
 That smooth'd his dying bed.

*Sold.* And can a brother lost sae lang  
 To Jessie still be dear?  
 Then lift again that tender eye,  
 Behold a brother here!

*Sold.* O mock an e'e unwet wi tears,  
 A blither heart beguile,  
 That raven's voice can no be his,  
 Nor his that ghastly smile.  
 It could na' be that chilling grasp,  
 His hand wad gi' to mine,  
 It could na' be in Arthur's e'e  
 That sickly joy wad shine.

*Sold.* Unseen maun be the tender joy  
 Which melts a soldier's eyes,  
 The gentle grasp, the saft caress  
 A soldier's hand denies.  
 Yet still the warmth these hands refuse,  
 In Arthur's bosom dwells,  
 And still his deeds shall crown the bliss  
 His eye no longer tells.  
 Around that chill'd and breaking heart  
 Life's saftest bands shall twine;  
 Thy cares have smooth'd a father's waes,  
 I live to finish thine!

## MICHAEL WIGGINS IN DEBT.

Debt's like a mousetrap, when you once begin,  
 ou'll find it no great matter to get in,  
 But rather puzzling to get out again:  
 This fact one Michael Wiggins found so true,  
 That he determin'd to get out of view,  
 So took snug lodgings in a secret lane.

Here at his window plac'd, the cunning dog,  
 Hugging himself on being thus incog,  
 Reflected on the horrors of the fleet.  
 " True," he exclaim'd " these lodgings are but mean,  
 And in the day I cannot well be seen,  
 Still liberty, dear liberty, is ever sweet."

But quickly broken were his reveries,  
 For lo! athwart the dusky street he sees  
 A wretched, sinful and despairing elf,  
 Fast'ning a rope the iron lamp-post round,  
 Mounting the steps and with a fatal bound,  
 Just going to take a swing and hang himself.

Up Michael starts, compassion lends him wings,  
 Rushes down stairs, the door wide open flings,  
 And with his cries the neighbourhood alarms;  
 Arriving just in time the rope to grasp,  
 Untie the death-dispensing noose, and clasp  
 The sinking victim in his open arms.

“ Ah!” cries the prostrate wretch in deep distress,  
 “ How can I e'er my gratitude express,  
 Sav'd to myself, my children, and my wife.  
 Oh! that myself, my wife and children seven,  
 May daily pour your name in prayers to Heaven;  
 Tell me, oh tell to whom I owe my life!”

Says Michael, with a blush of modest sense,  
 “ I'm but the instrument of Providence,  
 Which mighty ends by humble means procures.  
 To Heav'n alone your gratitude should tend,  
 In me, however, view your future friend;  
 My name is Michael Wiggins, what is yours?”

Quick starting up, and seizing Michael fast,  
 “ So!” cries the man, “ I've found you out at last;  
 There's no mistake; I've nabb'd you now, by G——!  
 Sly as you are, at length you're fairly bit,  
 I am a bailiff—this here is a writ;  
 So Master Wiggins, come along to quod!”

In imitation of a song, written by a peasant girl, in one of the Finnish islands, on her lover, who had gone to the continent of Finland, to share the chase of the season.

Would that the man I love were near!  
 Oh! would to Heaven that he were here!  
 What rein deer's rapid-darting spring,  
 What eagle's arrow-speeding wing,  
 Could equal half the panting pace  
 With which I'd fly to his embrace,  
 Would print my kisses on his face;  
 Although his cheek were stained with blood,  
 From horrid monsters of the wood;  
 And though the deathly-touching asp  
 In wreaths around his hand should clasp,  
 That hand I'd press unto my heart,  
 Ev'n should the reptile strike its dart.

To have his hand so dearly prest,  
 To have his head upon my breast,  
 And then to die, were to be blest.

Ye winds that range from pole to pole,  
 Oh! why were ye not given a soul?  
 How would ye to my lover bear  
 My ev'ry hope, my ev'ry fear;  
 And swift as thought, ye'd turn again,  
 To tell me all his joy and pain.  
 Ye waves around that idly break,  
 Why are ye not allow'd to speak?  
 How would you then in foaming pride,  
 Come hurrying on the ling'ring tide;  
 And when ye reach'd the friendly shore,  
 Suspend awhile your echoing roar,  
 To speak the thoughts my lover vents  
 Now vain to you in wild laments;  
 Then haste and tell him how I burn,  
 To greet his anxious long'd return.

How ev'ry duty, each delight  
 Of dress, of food, of taste, or sight,  
 Were vain to steal one thought away,  
 Were vain to cause an instant's stay,  
 From him who forms my morning's care,  
 My noon-day thoughts, my evening's prayer;  
 Nay, as the time I fondly whil'd  
 In watching o'er our only child,  
 My lover's voice if I should hear,  
 Oh! if the lov'd sound met my ear,  
 I'd leave that child exposed to harms  
 To rush towards my lover's arms:  
 Then eager back the space we'd press  
 To snatch our pledge of happiness;  
 To hang upon our darling boy,  
 To drown his cheek in tears of joy.

AURORA ASHAMED; OR THE BREAK OF DAY.

*An Invocation.*

Oh stay your speed, ye steeds of night!  
 Indulge the nether world with light,  
 But not my Rosa's eyes!

Aurora, curb thy dewy reign,  
This once the rosy hours restrain,  
And call us not to rise.

Bid not the weary traveller wake,  
The shepherd rouse, these arms forsake  
My Rosa's soft embrace!  
I know Aurora hears my lay,  
For see her blush,\* as still the day  
Keeps on his wonted pace.

## WISE SAYINGS AND REMARKS.

**BEER.** Those who drink malt liquor generally have a very fresh complexion. English farmers who make this their usual beverage, retain an appearance of health and strength to a very late period in life : in the cider counties of that kingdom, those who drink freely of that liquor have not the same vigorous appearance. But in London and in the great manufacturing towns, where the use of spirituous liquors prevails ; a degree of squalid misery and of brutal viciousness, is obtrusively observable among the wretched victims of this subtle poison : disgusting to the eye of humanity and disgraceful to the policy of government, which derives a revenue from its consumption.

Be not at any time idle: it is the rolling stone that continues clean, and the running water that remaineth clear.

Wisdom is that olive which springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.

The end of a dissolute life, is a desperate death.

There is no moment of time spent, which thou art not accountable for ; and therefore when thou hearest the clock strike, think there is now another hour come wherof thou art to yield a reckoning : and by endeavouring to spend one hour better than

\* ————— Rubebat :  
Nec tamen est solito tardius orta dies. Ovid.

another, thou shalt come to some better perfection in christianity.

Labour in youth, gives strong hope of rest in old age.

Carefulness and diligence are the keys of certainty.

Let thy wit be thy friend, thy mind thy companion, thy tongue thy servant.

Courtesy is the true characteristic of a good mind.

The chief properties of wisdom are to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, provident of things to come.

It is less pain to learn in youth, than to be ignorant in old age.

No greater comfort than to know much : No less labour than to say little.

#### PESTS OF SOCIETY.

THERE is not a more intolerable nuisance in the world, than an inquisitive intermeddling false friend. Nothing more formidable than an opulent scoundrel. Nothing more disgusting than a half learned dogmatical scholar. Nothing more common than a knavish gamester. Nothing more ridiculous than an amorous old man or woman ; a poor person who is proud ; or a bully without spirit.

#### ANECDOTES.

The late Bishop Horsley, as proud a prelate as ever lived, a bold assertion by the bye, yet true, coming out of the palace of St. James's on a levee day, inquired in a haughty manner as he made toward his carriage. " Has any body seen my fellow ? " " No," cried a bystander—" curse me if ever I saw your fellow in all my life ; nor any body else I believe." This quibble has been appropriated by Prince Hoare in the first act of " the Three and the Deuce."

On the edge of a small river in the county of Cavan in Ireland there is a stone with the following strange inscription, no doubt intended for the information of strangers travelling that way :

“N. B. When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river.” But this is still surpassed by the famous post erected some few years ago by the direction of the surveyors of the Kent roads in England. “This is a bridle path to Feversham—if you can’t read this you had better keep the main road.”

An Irish officer of the name of Foster, now lt. col. of the 6th West India regt. of the uncommon stature of six feet eight, made his appearance at the rooms at Bath, when the late haughty princess Amelia was present, she was led from his extraordinary appearance to inquire his name, family and pursuits: she received information among the answers to her inquiries, that he had been originally intended for the church. “Rather for the steeple,” replied the royal humourist.

#### ATTACHMENT TO TOADS.

The late sir Richard Hill of Hawkesworth, carried his consideration for his servants and domestic animals so far, that it was customary for him, after being set down at the house of Commons, if the weather was, or threatened to be bad, to direct his coachmen to return immediately, and rather than keep his domestics and horses exposed to its vicissitudes he would himself brave the inclemencies at all hours in a walk from Westminster to his residence at the very extremity of upper Harley street, Cavendish square.

The more eccentric disposition of sir Richard’s brother, Rowland Hill, the Methodist preacher, appears in a kind of establishment at his country house at Wootton Underedge which he calls a toadery. A number of toads have for some time been bred and preserved in his garden. Upon this subject he has said “every creature that God has sent we should protect, and in a subordinate degree they demand our attention.” This is what Hamlet calls outheroding Herod.

## GARRICK'S AVARICE.

Garrick and Macklin frequently rode out together, and often baited at some of the public houses on the Richmond road. Upon these occasions whenever they came to a turnpike, or to settle the accounts of the luncheon, Garrick who was sordid at least in trifling things, either had changed his small clothes that morning and was without money, or else used to produce a thirty-six shilling piece which could with difficulty be changed. Upon these occasions, Macklin, to use his own phrase, "stood captain Flashman;" that is, paid the charge. This went on for some time, when Macklin finding that Garrick never took his turn of paying the expenses, or repaid those he had advanced for him, challenged him one day for a debt he owed him, and then pulled out a long slip of paper in which the several disbursements were entered, according to date, place and company, "which sir," said the veteran, "amounted to between thirty and forty shillings.—The little fellow at first seemed surprised; and then would have turned it into a joke: but I was serious, sir, and he paid me the money; and after that we jogged on upon our own separate accounts."

Another time Garrick gave a dinner at his lodgings to Harry Fielding, Macklin, Havard, Mrs. Cibber and some others. Vails to servants being then much in fashion, most of the company gave Garrick's man (David a Welshman) something at parting, some a shilling, some half a crown, &c. Whilst Fielding very formally slipped a piece of paper in his hand with something folded up in it. When the company were all gone, David seeming to be in high glee, Garrick asked him how much he got. "I cant tell you yet sir," said Davy: "Here is half a crown from Mrs. Cibber, Got pless hur—here is a shilling from Mr. Macklin—here is two from Mr. Havard, and here is something more from the poet, Got pless his merry heart." By this time David had unfolded the paper, when, to his great astonishment he saw that it contained no more than one penny! Garrick felt nettled at this, and next day spoke to Fielding about the impropriety of jesting with a servant.—"Jesting," said Fielding with seeming surprise, so far from it, that I meant to do the fellow a real piece of service; for had I given him a shilling, or half a crown, I knew you would have taken it from him: but by giving him only a penny, he had a chance of calling it his own.

## LOPE DE VEGA.

It is said of Lope de Vega, that he was once asked by the bishop of Bellex to explain one of his sonnets, which the bishop said he had often read, but never understood. Lope took up the sonnet; and, after reading it over and over several times, frankly acknowledged that he did not understand it himself.

## BLAIR AND CAMPBELL.

Perhaps there never was a more palpable plagiarism than the following passages discover:—

“Like those of angels, few, and far between.” GRAVE.

“Like angel visits, few, and far between.” PLEASURES OF HOPE.

## TITLE OF A PLAY.

The following words which look more like part of the dialogue than the title of a play, are nevertheless its only cognomen:

“The case is altered. How? Ask Dalio and Milo.”

## LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY. \*

The following fine reflection is to be found in the life of this interesting character:—“Every body loves the virtuous, whereas the vicious do scarce love one another.”

## THE VICTIM OF SENSIBILITY.

M. Dutens tells us, in his *Memoirs d'un Voyageur qui se repose*, that as he received the cruel intelligence of the loss of his mistress in the presence of five or six girls, who had been bred at the same school with her, he could not do less than dash his head against the wall, in order to gain their admiration as the victim of excessive attachment.

## A DUEL BY POSTULATES, OR AN ACTION UPON ADMISSIONS.

“Sir,” said a Spanish officer, as M. Dutens relates, “I marvel at your audacity thus to deny my assertions; were I near you I would give you a blow, to teach you good manners; take it for granted that I have done it.” “And I, sir,” replied the Gascon, to whom this braggadocio addressed himself, “to chastise your insolence, this moment run you through the body; take it for granted that you are a dead man.”